NATIONAL REVIEW

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Can France Hold North Africa?

J. DERVIN

Harriman: New Deal Reshuffled

PETER MINOT

Hunting Birds—and Bucks

F. R. BUCKLEY

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · · · FREDA UTLEY

SAM M. JONES · WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR. · FRANK S. MEYER

JONATHAN MITCHELL · REVILO OLIVER · GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

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from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

"Stop Stevenson"

Senator Estes Kefauver and Governor Averell Harriman have a natural reason for regarding Adlai Stevenson as a "conflict of interest," but another group of Democrats, largely Southern, would prefer a new standard-bearer on grounds of party welfare as well as personal taste. In the case of Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, wheel horse of the anti-Adlai forces in the South, personal ambition might be an added factor. Johnson's masterful performance both as minority and majority leader would have clearly placed him in the position of a potential contender, had it not been for the heart attack he suffered last Fourth of July week end. Although his friends report complete recovery and emphasize the fact that Johnson is only forty-seven years old, the Texan has refrained from throwing his hat in the ring. His ostensible support goes to Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri. Other Southern leaders, notably Senators Russell, Thurmond, Smathers and Eastland, may or may not favor Symington, but it would be in line with their views to support a middle-of-the-road candidate against Stevenson.

The Johnson strategy has been to ignore Adlai. It is significant that Stevenson first learned from press dispatches of the thirteen-point legislative program promulgated by the Texas Senator. This snub to the titular head of the party was an eloquent testimonial of disaffection. Stevenson, however, parried adroitly by promptly endorsing all thirteen proposals.

The big flaw in the Southerner's plan to stop Stevenson lies in the matter of control of state delegations. With the exception of Harry Byrd of Virginia, no Southern Senator, not excepting Lyndon Johnson, will control his state's delegates to the convention. And several Southern governors are already committed to Stevenson, including Griffin of Georgia, Coleman of Mississippi, and Collins of Florida.

Food for Nightmares

Another "Stop Stevenson" movement calls for an Averell-Estes preconvention coalition. Under this plan Kefauver would run in contested primaries, presumably collecting, as he did in '52, a large bag of delegates. The large bag of necessary expense money would be supplied from Harriman sources. If Kefauver should come anywhere near duplicating his 1952 record of primary victories and Harriman again held the huge New York State delegation, the combine could give Adlai trouble. But the problem of who leads the ticket, Ave or Estes, when the moment of decision arrives, may founder the coalition. The coonskin Senator saw victory euchred out of his grasp three years ago when his right to the nomination by virtue of the largest number of primary victories was clear and seemingly certain. He also heard Ave's pledge to Stevenson when Harriman was elected Governor of New York. Even if Estes agreed to take second place on the ticket, could he really be sure? Honest Ave, on the other hand, might have some fear that Kefauver's demonstrated national popularity might make the coalition impractical. What if Estes, backed by the Harriman bankroll, won a majority of the delegates?

Gen. Hall at Gettysburg

Republican National Committee Generalissimo Leonard Hall besieged Gettysburg November 28 to win an answer to the question whether President Eisenhower would run again. In a subsequent press conference, the GOP commander volunteered his view that Ike would be a candidate. But when pressed by reporters for pertinent details, he admitted the President hadn't said "Yes" and hadn't said "No." In fact, he hadn't been asked. Nevertheless, the Republican Chairman felt pretty sure that Ike would run "if he felt well enough." Other questions brought out the opinion that Eisenhower would not only win if he runs, but also make "even greater gains in the South than in '52." The latter statement appeared to be in sharp conflict with all reports coming from the South, where the Eisenhower Republican Administration is getting full, if undeserved, blame for the troubles attending desegregation. Finally, Gen. Hall was asked what he would do in case the President doesn't run. Replying that he didn't know, he drew in his flankers and retired to the banks of the Potomac.

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The WEEK

Intentions

It is not strange that Franklin Roosevelt liked to play cat and mouse with people, sometimes at the expense of party and nation, though it is strange that so many people look back on this characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt with such fond indulgence. Power is an intoxicant, and it callouses a great many of those to whose lot it falls to exercise it. Roosevelt felt free to wound the sensibilities of such men as Byrnes, Ickes, Farley and Wallace (who are after all human beings) by more or less promising them, each in his turn (and two or three simultaneously, to dispose of those whose ambitions he deemed inordinate) the Vice Presidency or even the Successorship. And he felt free to deal contemptuously with the people by denying them the opportunity to think about succession (or about a third or fourth term) until the eleventh hour: at which point thought was unnecessary, for Mr. Roosevelt was there to answer the call of duty, which he always heard calling loud and clear. It was in line with such an attitude that Mr. Roosevelt committed the supreme act of arrogance in accepting a responsibility which he could not, for physical reasons and mental reasons directly traceable to them, hope to discharge competently.

Mr. Leonard Hall's teasers after his recent visit with the President were alarmingly reminiscent of the kind of thing Roosevelt used to go in for with such relish. President Eisenhower is not such a man as Mr. Roosevelt, and he must not thoughtlessly slide into the ways of a man so devious and so dissimilar in so many respects. It is perhaps too early for him to know how he will feel, physically, two or three months hence. But it is *not* too early to announce what his intentions are subject to his physical condition, and not too early to tell us what physical standards he believes a President ought to meet.

We need a straightforward declaration in plenty of time for those who intend to compete for the Presidency to marshall their forces and present themselves and their platforms to the people—or to put aside any such plans. That is the only honorable and dutiful course of action for the President to take.

The Educators' Plot

As we go to press, the White House Education Conference is finally deciding that what American education needs is federal help. We could have told the 2,000 delegates from all over the country that, saving them

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the long trip to Washington, and all those deliberations. But more about that Conference later on.

The most newsworthy thing to come out of the Conference was not the conclusions it reached (they were foregone) but a barely noticed official Report (on "Topic Three") which with marvelous candor tipped everyone off to the game that was being played. Said the Report, which addressed itself to America's school needs: "The general consensus [of the Conference] was this: No state represented has a demonstrated financial incapacity to build the schools it will need during the next five years. But, with the exception of a few states, none of the states presently has plans which indicate a political determination powerful enough to overcome all of the obstacles."

All of the obstacles! That means local legislators won't levy more taxes right now, so we turn, of course, to the federal legislators, who can get away with a great deal in virtue of their splendid isolation from their constituents, and can proceed, with impunity, to get the same money from the same taxpayers, for the same purpose.

So much for *that* obstacle.

Word of Words

Senator George of Georgia officially started the latest round, by issuing a statement that we must show the world that we are "capable of having a nonpartisan American policy." President Eisenhower raised him by instructing a press secretary to announce that his Administration has "sought to conduct the nation's foreign policy without partisanship," and to thank Senator George for his "statesmanlike cooperation." Mr. Nixon stayed; he too sees the mantle of statesmanship about Senator George's shoulders, and thinks the Senator's statement will do a lot of good. All three, curiously enough, avoided the word of words for saying this sort of thing, but might just as well have saved themselves the pains of circumlocution: newspaper copy desks all over the country generously supplied it in the relevant headlines, and suddenly the air was thick with the smog of "bipartisanship."

Senator George, we repeat, officially started it; but everyone with a nose and eye for smog must have been aware through the preceding days that it was building up. There was Mr. Stevenson, of all people, pleading for moderation. There was David Lawrence, of all people, demanding that we handle the next election in the California manner, and have one and the same man head the tickets of both parties. And there were the Liberal columnists and editorial writers, most of whom would like to see the Democrats back in office, overcommitted on the inspired character of the Eisenhower foreign policy.

A new and insistent demand for bipartisanship was long overdue, and perhaps it is just as well that it is now out in the open where we can begin to deal with it.

Different people, of course, mean different things by "bipartisanship" ("nonpartisanship" or "without partisanship"); and the different people, in the current flurry of raises and counter-raises, are attempting to accomplish different things by paying it lip-service. The Democrats—with the exception of Senator George, who is saying it is a good thing, and we've got it—are saying it is a good thing and we've lost it, because the Republicans are attempting to gain partisan advantage (as Mr. Paul Butler, the latest counter-raiser, puts it). The Republicans are saying it is a good thing and of course we haven't lost it, and the Democrats should not imply that the nation's foreign policy counsels are divided. The Democrats and the Republicans alike, in other words, are needling each other as, other things being equal, it is healthy for them to do.

We deplore, particularly at this juncture in our history, unreasoned appeals for bipartisanship. There is a sense, to be sure, in which American politics are always "bipartisan"—not merely about foreign policy, but about domestic policy as well. The genius in our political system lies in our capacity for seeing to it that explosively divisive issues shall be fought out within each of the two major parties rather than *between* them, with the result, much to the despair of our academic political scientists, that our elections are not, normally, "plebiscitary" in character. But that kind of bipartisanship, whose chief manifestation is that the complete spectrum of more or less respectable political opinion is to be found in both parties, is in our bones, and keeps itself alive from decade to decade without the assistance of slogan-mongers. The other kinds turn out, invariably, to involve the intellectually dishonest pretense that we are more united in our counsels than we in fact are, and, what is worse, a pretense that can be maintained only at the cost of silencing discussion.

Let there be no mistake about it: today the nation's counsels about foreign policy *are* divided—more divided, perhaps, than they have been at any moment since the great debate preceding World War Two. What they are divided about is the feasibility and desirability of coexistence with the Soviet Union, or, if you like, the merits of policies based on the notion that coexistence is possible and desirable. To pretend that the issue does not exist, or that people do not disagree about it, is to pretend a lie. And to let the issue itself be decided without the fullest and completest discussion, which is precisely what talk about bipartisanship tends to prevent, is not only irresponsible, but, potentially at least, suicidal.

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A Letter to Mr. Henry Ford

Mr. Henry Ford, II
President, Ford Motor Co.,
Dearborn, Michigan

Dear Mr. Ford:

You are aware, I am sure, that during the past several months there has been considerable public criticism of the activities of the Fund for the Republic, which was established through a grant by the Ford Foundation.

When these criticisms have been brought to the attention of spokesmen for the Ford Foundation, they have replied that the Fund for the Republic is an independent organization; that once the original grant was made the Foundation retained no legal or other form of control over the Fund; and that consequently the Foundation is not responsible for what the Fund may do. This same distinction has often been made by Mr. Robert Hutchins, President of the Fund for the Republic, and by other of the Fund's spokesmen.

In spite of these declarations, much of the public persists in its belief that there is a connection, moral and personal if not legal, between the Foundation and the Fund. The adverse opinion which some portion of the public has formed concerning the Fund leads to an adverse attitude toward the Foundation—and indeed to tax-exempt foundations in general.

A number of people, influenced by these negative feelings toward the Fund and the Foundation, and reasoning that this is their only means of registering their disapproval, have begun to boycott Ford products.

There is no question as to the legal fact that the Foundation and the Fund are separate and distinct. At the same time, the public's conviction that there is a significant and continuing connection between the two organizations is understandable. Historically the Foundation is the parent of the Fund. The Foundation not merely gave the money but defined the chartered purpose of the Fund and selected the original directors who were to control its destiny.

As far as we know, in the four years of the Fund's existence neither you nor any other spokesman for the Ford Foundation has ever made any public statement to suggest that any of the Fund's activities has contravened your original intentions in establishing it. Nor have you questioned the manner in which the Fund's officers have carried out those intentions.

Granted that the Fund, and any other similarly established project, should have a trial period to prove itself without possibly interfering criticism. But the Fund has now had ample time to exhibit in public action its own operating character and direction.

Your continued silence justifies the public in believing that the Ford Foundation is satisfied with the administration and activities of the Fund for the Republic. It is natural and proper that the public should under these circumstances hold the Foundation responsible not only for the Fund's origin but for its current behavior. Nor is it surprising that the public is giving credence to the rumor, lately become widespread, that the Foundation plans to add even further to the grants (now totaling $15 million) that it has made to the Fund.

This confusion in the public mind, if it is a confusion, can be dispelled by a simple statement from you. What is your own judgment on those activities of the Fund for the Republic that are at public issue? Do you believe that the present management of the Fund is faithfully and effectively carrying out the intentions of the Foundation in establishing the Fund?

If you are unwilling to make any general judgment, even a tentative one, you will, I assume, have no objection to stating, without delay, your reaction to the specific activities of the Fund that have excited most public comment and criticism, including:

1. The grant to the Plymouth Meeting Library Association of $5,000 in tribute to their employment of Mary Knowles, former librarian of the Communist Samuel Adams School, who refused to answer questions before a congressional committee;
2. The employment by the Fund of Amos Landman, who refused to tell a congressional committee whether he was or had been a Communist;
3. The omission of a large number of anti-Communist works from the Fund's bibliography (later withdrawn) on American Communism;
4. The mass distribution of the Murrow-Oppenheimer interview;
5. The distribution of 35,000 copies of Dean Erwin Griswold's brochure defending those who use the Fifth Amendment as against 1,000 copies of Mr. C. D. Williams' brochure on the same subject, advancing a different view;
6. The Fund's project (later canceled) to subsidize a television series featuring the left-wing cartoonist, Herblock;
7. Mr. Hutchins' public assertion of the Fund's willingness to employ Communists.

A statement from you on these matters is of crucial public importance. For that reason, with which I feel sure you will agree, I plan to publish this letter, together with any reply that I shall have received from you, next week.

Very truly yours,
WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.
Publisher

November 29, 1955

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Equal Rights for Congress

We certainly will not dispute the fact that some Congressmen make fools of themselves when they travel abroad, and that some of them say the silliest things when they return. We nevertheless believe that the current attacks on "congressional junkets" are at best innocently mistaken, and in some part hypocritically vicious.

Every month thousands of bureaucrats employed by the Executive branch of the government travel by the most expensive transport all over the world, stay at expensive hotels, and give expensive parties, with the government (that is, the taxpayers) paying the bills. In a single day, the cost of Executive junketing exceeds the yearly cost of all the junkets of all the Congressmen.

The total annual budget of Congress — including policing and care of buildings and grounds—is $75 million; of the Executive branch, $60 billion.

The persons who most loudly condemn Congressmen for traveling abroad are the same who insist that Congress is too ill-informed to handle the complicated world-oriented problems of our age, and that therefore power and responsibility must be concentrated in the omniscient Executive. They have, evidently, a Light Brigade theory of Congress: Theirs not to question why; theirs but to vote and die (or the political equivalent thereof).

Trouble Over Westinghouse

As we write, the strike of 55,000 Westinghouse workers (44,000 from James P. Carey's International Union of Electrical Workers, 11,000 from the Communist-run United Electrical Workers) is nearing the end of its second month. The loss to the workers and their families as well as to the company and its stockholders in the fiercely competitive field of electrical equipment is sufficiently obvious. And for what?

On the evidence, this Westinghouse affair cannot be regarded as genuinely a dispute over wages, working conditions or other issues of direct interest to the workers involved. After preliminary sparring, Westinghouse offered a contract basically the same as that which the unions signed six months ago with General Electric.

Undoubtedly the union leaders are not pleased with the fact that these contracts run for five years. Frequent negotiations are a labor bureaucracy's best advertising medium. There are in the Westinghouse case other disputes—over details of the wage increase and the method for conducting time studies, for example—that are legitimate subjects for bargaining. But the entirety of the alleged issues raised by the union leaders, even granted that their position on all of them is correct, does not come near to an adequate motivation for so costly a strike.

So far as we can discover, one main reason for this strike is the feeling of James P. Carey, President of the IUE, that he has got to flex his muscles in public. Carey, once one of the CIO's most spotlighted luminaries, has been slipping in the labor movement and in his own union. In the current celebration of the AFL-CIO wedding, his name is at a humiliating distance below the big headlines. We gather that he was very unhappy about the manner of the GE settlement. Not that it was a bad contract from the workers' point of view. It was, in fact, very good indeed. And that was just the difficulty. Carey had wanted a more protracted, spectacular period of negotiations with perhaps a bit of strike, but the GE locals took matters into their own hands. We hear that they told Carey to sign the contract, or they would go ahead without him.

Afterward, stimulated by his rivals and by the competing Communist-maneuvered UEW, the word went around that Carey had lost his grip, was slipping, was on his way out.

So President Carey had to demonstrate to all and sundry that he is still a bold, tough *hombre*. Unfortunately for the Westinghouse workers and stockholders, they were the first available props for his demonstration.

There are indications, however, here as at Perfect Circle and at Kohler, that some trade union members are getting rather weary of being thus used as serfs in these jousts of the hard-riding barons of Labor.

The UN Approves Disloyalty

UNESCO, we note, has decided to indemnify rather than reinstate four American employees who recently won their appeal to the UN Administrative Tribunal. These employees, it will be remembered, were discharged after having failed to appear for questioning by a United States loyalty board.

This is the second time that the Tribunal, on which the United States is not represented, has ordered the reinstatement or indemnification of UN employees who have given presumptive evidence of disloyalty to their own country. And in the UNESCO case it even went so far as to rule that U.S. citizens need not be loyal Americans in order to be employed by the UN. The United States is thus placed in the position of having encysted within its territory an international organization which may with impunity, under its own rules, provide asylum for U.S. citizens who are agents of a power hostile to this country.

The opportunities offered for anti-American activities are obvious. It has also become obvious by this time that the U.S. delegation to the UN—*i.e.*, the U.S.

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Government—intends to do little or nothing to protect the American people. There is still Congress, however. In the last Congress the late Senator McCarran introduced a bill providing for criminal prosecution of Americans guilty of subversion and found to have accepted UN employment. Congress can, and should, take out, dust off and pass this bill.

E Pur Si Muove!

The Defense Department reveals that in the present fiscal year more money will be spent on guided missiles than on bombs, shells and all other forms of conventional ammunition. And three short years hence, more will be spent than on planes. The Department's news is a minor landmark on the way to an age when wars, international politics and even our daily lives will be unfamiliar, when contemporary Modernists, from IBM punchcards, will fabricate new faiths and when much peering and searching will be needed to discover that the rules of human existence are unchanged.

"More Scientists Needed"

From the propaganda drums of the persistent Statists comes a new rat-tat-tat, getting louder by the moment: we are running into a dearth of scientists, by comparison with the Communists. Says the *New York Times,* editorially, "between 1928 and 1954 the Soviet Union graduated some 682,000 engineers and the United States 480,000"; the relative scarcity extends, the editorial continues, into the field of medical and agricultural schools.

Accepting Soviet statistics at face value is of course ridiculous, but let us do so and go on to raise a question not often raised: how good are these state-made scientists? That is: are they people who dig into the nature of things and come up with basic principles and new discoveries? Or are they mechanics of the laboratory? How do their accomplishments compare with those of men who become scientists of their own free will, under the impulse of their native capacities, lured only by the emoluments of competition and the desire to satisfy personal cravings?

And let us ask one more relevant question: What is it we are supposed to do to get more scientists? Conscript them? But we must not, the *Times* solemnly reminds us, abandon "our democratic educational system." What, then? The implications are clear. We are to "encourage" the growth of science by handing out state scholarships to aspiring scientists. The venerable Professor Arthur Kilbrace asks the pertinent question: "Is it projected that we pay the board and tuition of every candidate for enrollment who gives evidence of having the requisite number of hands, feet, ears, eyes, and a certain mechanical aptitude? That way we shall indeed turn out more draftsmen and testtubesters. But will we have more scientists?"

De Profundis, Dr. Dooley

Our eyes fell recently on a volume that had been kicking around for a couple of years, unread. Our immersion in the case of Dr. Dooley (issue of December 7) awakened our interest in it, and we read it through. It deals with the trials, sixty years ago, of Oscar Wilde, who sued the Marquess of Queensbury for libel. Wilde lost his suit; and two days later the evidence that Queensbury had uncovered to defend himself served as the basis for an indictment of Wilde, by the Crown. It was a celebrated, and a shocking case. (How sad that it should have taken place a stone's throw from Queen Victoria in the sixty-first year of her reign!)

Wilde was convicted. He did not rationalize his actions with anything like the persuasiveness of Dr. Dooley. In fact, he did not rationalize them at all; at first he even denied them. And the humiliation was perhaps more deeply felt for one man than for the other because Wilde was quite the opposite of Dooley in temperament. He was arrogant and self-assured and triumphantly contemptuous of society and its conventions, which he deemed binding only on Philistines. He claimed the license of an artist ("There are no 'moral' or 'immoral' plays," he ad-libbed under cross-examination. "There are only well-written and poorly-written plays."), as Dooley claimed the license of a scientist. Wilde was in jail for two years, and from jail he wrote a long letter to a friend, which he called De Profundis—out of the depths.

The concluding lines of that letter are memorable. "All trials," he wrote, "are trials for one's life, just as all sentences are sentences of death. Society, as we have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer; but Nature, whose sweet rains fall on just and unjust alike, will have clefts in the rocks where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang the night with stars so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my footprints so that none may track me to my hurt: she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole."

At least while writing these lines, and for as long as they had meaning for him, Oscar Wilde was out of the depths. Perhaps Dr. Dooley will have a similar experience during his isolation, and will in due course and in his own way address the society he affronted and acknowledge that science is not king. Then should he be welcomed back, warmly and openly.

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The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

The Liberal line is an anti-Communist line. It comes right out and says that Communist intentions are wicked, that Communist dreams of world empire are a threat to the long-term security of Americans (anti-Liberals and Liberals alike), and that something has to be done to prevent those dreams being realized. It is, therefore, not merely anti-Communist; it is pro-United States. And if you think otherwise, that is because you have not been keeping up with the changes in the Liberal line since the late forties.

Chester Bowles' *The New Dimensions of Peace*[1] we may fairly call the current authoritative, full-dress exposition of the Liberal line on anti-Communism. *New Dimensions* is at one and the same time, a) a summons to all of us to take cognizance of the "real" world and how it ticks (as contrasted with the world as seen by, for example, military men, b) a carefully elaborated program for defeating the world Communist movement without firing a shot or mussing a shirt-cuff, and c) an eloquent demonstration of the happy coincidence between what Americans must do in order to defeat world Communism and what the American political tradition commits us to do as a matter of course.

To Win the Masses

Mr. Bowles' world is above all a world in which history is made by the masses of the people. Lenin won in Russia because he enunciated ideas (Land, Bread and Peace) that "moved" the masses and therefore "proved to be the decisive factor." Mao won in China because he saw that "the broad base of revolutionary power in China lay among the peasants." (Similarly, Chiang lost because he too often neglected "the importance of ideas and the stubborn power of people caught up by their influence.") The ideas that move men are, moreover, everywhere the same, though they get stated differently from place to place (Mr. Bowles himself is at pains to state them in terms likely to conceal their central tendency, so that it takes a bit of swinging from limb to limb in the tree of his argument to feel it all out). One formulation, that of the mid-nineteenth-century Chinese revolutionary leader, Hung Hsiu Ch'uan, runs thus: "All shall eat food, all shall have clothes, money shall be shared, and in all things there shall be equality." Another comes from the pen of Gandhi, to whom Mr. Bowles has pretty clearly given his whole heart: "The contrast between the palaces of New Delhi and the miserable hovels of the poor laboring class . . . cannot last one day in a free India, in which the poor will enjoy the same power as the richest in the land."

Advice to America

The masses, then, make history; and they bestow the palm of victory, where political power is at stake, on that leader or movement that enunciates most clearly the ideas that the masses wish to hear. Naturally enough, therefore, the pickle we Americans are in is partly a matter of our having bet too heavily on "military answers" to the Communists' bid for power, partly a matter of our having failed to take a firm public stand in favor of the right ideas, and partly a matter of our having failed to live up to those ideas at home—so that even when we do enunciate them, the masses perceive that we are something less than sincere. Naturally enough also, therefore, the course we must follow—for we are, in effect, running for office out over the world—is plain to see. We must enunciate *and* implement the four great contemporary "revolutionary principles" (Hung-Gandhi with a very considerable tactical admixture of water): national independence, human dignity, economic advancement, and peace. Concretely, we must oppose colonialism and racial discrimination everywhere, eliminate from our propaganda all outmoded foolishness about free private enterprise, convince the masses (via "vastly stepped-up economic aid," which is "essential") that our economic system can compete with Communism when it comes to developing undeveloped areas (for the masses are "impressed" by the economic performance of Communism in Russia and China), and assure peace by taking the proper steps to "relax tension in world affairs."

Never Criticize Socialism

Also, we must disabuse our minds of the tendency to confuse Social Democracy with Communism, or to think of the former as an enemy. For Socialism is a "thoroughly popular word in Africa, Asia, and South America"; and democracy, of which we are the propagandists, "is the way to achieve the ideals which many millions of non-Communists throughout the world associate with Socialism." In short: our posture vis-à-vis the world's masses must be one of "As You Desire Us"—*must* be, on pain of letting the Communists pick up the blue chips; and the world's masses desire us to be levelers. Let us, then, take a firm stand in favor of leveling the world over, and let us live up to that stand in our domestic politics.

And, mirabile dictu, we can in this matter, in despite of David Riesman, be other-directed and inner-directed all at the same time! The four revolutionary ideas that we must translate into reality abroad and at home are, after all, "the ideas that powered our own revolution"; and if they "sometimes sound strange to our ears," this merely proves "our isolation from our own past." They are "the very concepts on which America was built"; and it is "not surprising that we should expand our dream to all mankind." They are, also, the basic concepts of the French Revolution, whose "affinity" with our revolution Mr. Bowles regards as axiomatic.

In short, Hung = Gandhi = Robespierre = Washington = Lincoln = Roosevelt = Socialism. The way to beat the Communists is to accept leveling as the historical imperative of our age, prove that we can do it better, and assert proudly that we thought of it first. In short, the way to beat Communism is to be more Communist than the Communists.

[1] *The New Dimensions of Peace*, by Chester Bowles. 386 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $4.50

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Can France Hold North Africa?

A series of tragic blunders appear to have lost France its North African empire, and may cost the Western world the whole continent of Africa

J. DERVIN

When NATIONAL REVIEW asked me this question, I suddenly realized that up to that moment I had never considered the North African problem so coldly and directly—for fear of finding myself confronted with problems touching on the existence and even the very survival of the West. Actually, not only the future of the French Union is at stake in French North Africa; the future role of the Arab community is being determined and that of the entire African continent — that is, whether that continent will be under European or Asiatic influence. What a threat for Europe and America would be the consolidation of an Africo-Asiatic continent, with the Arab world as its axis, and with Russian collaboration! Yet that is neither Utopia nor a nightmare fantasy; it is an entirely feasible prospect.

Has sufficient attention been paid to Mr. Nehru's recent trip to Moscow, and the return visit to New Delhi of Messrs. Khrushchev and Bulganin? Will Nehru not have been tempted to promise his support to Russian policy in Africa in exchange for protection against China, whose growing power India, and for that matter the USSR, fear with good reason? What else do we see? The Russian Empire offering arms to Arab countries; Egypt, uncertain ally of the West, leading a movement for liberation of North Africa; Arab countries of the Near East, uncertain allies also, refusing to make a pact with Turkey, a faithful ally of the Western group. Are not these symptoms sufficient?

The future of French North Africa is thus definitely linked with the future of the Western world. I am going to consider whether the French (and the Spanish, too) are able to stand their ground there.

Unstable Policy

But before examining the situation in the various countries in North Africa, let us look at the general line of policy which France has followed so far. France's defeat in 1940 greatly damaged her prestige in North Africa. It was not only the rout and annihilation of her army. There were a great many other factors—the North African war prisoners in Germany toward whom their French comrades often and shamefully lacked in solidarity; the Italo-German occupation of Tunis; the deplorable conduct of the French who took refuge in North Africa as a consequence of the war; the attitude of France toward her former allies (the Poles, Czechs, Belgians, Dutch) who were interned in work camps in the Sahara; the liberation of North Africa by the Anglo-Americans, who displayed their special type of power before the eyes of the Arab population; the promises made by Franklin D. Roosevelt[1] to Sultan Mohammed ben Youssef.

It must be considered further that since the war France's internal policy has been fundamentally unstable. That would not have been so crucially important had the French policy toward North Africa been inspired by stable and unchanging principles (as is the case with English policy toward the Commonwealth, Belgian policy toward the Belgian Congo, and Spain's toward her colonies). But unfortunately French North African policy followed the fluctuations and discords of internal politics. That is to say, the North African problems were treated according to the political tendencies of the accidental government in power, soon to be overthrown. Furthermore, it often happened that various officials inside the French Government leaned toward mutually incompatible solutions. And outside the government, and even outside the political parties, military leaders or former military leaders, such as General de Gaulle, Marshal Juin, General Koenig, intervened either openly or secretly in the affairs of North Africa. Never had there been seen such a collapse of authority. For example, Marshal Juin, a military leader in active service, went so far as to attack North African policy violently, without getting more than a timid reprimand. (Juin's prestige has never been comparable to that enjoyed by General MacArthur when he was dismissed by President Truman.) Another example: a man of intelligence and integrity, M. Grandval, accepted the post of Resident General to solve the Moroccan question by placing it above parties and interests; and the very members of the government who had assigned him, destroyed his reputation.

Without any unity of viewpoint, with no pre-established plan, without guiding principles, without realism, France did not know how to face up to her internal and external enemies, and she has collected only failure after failure. Without persuasive repartee vis-à-vis the Arab countries, in difficulties with the United States, with a bad conscience toward Spain, she was reduced

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"J. Dervin" is the pen name of a European who has had many years of experience in North Africa. He fought in the Free French forces there during the war and was imprisoned by the Vichy army in Morocco. Later he was a liaison officer with the American expeditionary force and was awarded an American Bronze Star. After the war he served for some years in North Africa as a high administrative official. At present he is living in Spain, from where he continues his active interest in African affairs.

[1] In a personal interview—to which Moslems attach inordinate importance—Roosevelt told Sultan Ben Youssef that America looked with sympathy at Morocco's development toward independence. (Cf. Elliot Roosevelt's memoirs.)

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to walking out on the General Assembly of the United Nations while she tried to improvise an appeasement of the African empire that is falling out of her hands.

Let us now look at the different French North African countries.

The case of Tunisia has been provisionally settled. In this, the most valued country of French North Africa, there have been qualified and decisive mediators. Occasional rebellion and the general attitude of the people compelled France to come to an agreement. Negotiations took years because of French indecision, due chiefly to the opposition of the French population of Tunisia, particularly the French landlords. And the fatal influence of these landlords we find all over French North Africa. They were the first to settle in French North Africa: French (and Spanish) small farmers, attracted by the vast expanse of rich lands, with cheap and abundant native labor that they often treated like slaves, they developed into a rich class of large land-owners exploiting the natives quite shamelessly. Protected by the army, and supported by an Administration that originally cared very little for the well-being of the natives, the French landlords became a notable force that enjoyed considerable support in the mother country and influenced the appointment of officials. Sometimes they took an interest in industry. Now this class of French landlords is directly threatened by North African nationalism, and they have done, and do, all they can to delay reforms. They are usually aided by minor officials, including the police, who fear losing their lucrative positions and the power they hold over the natives of North Africa.

The industrialists established in North Africa have, for the most part, entertained broader views. They see farther ahead and try to keep out of trouble if they can. Often they have connections with the nationalists.

Tunisia, it will be recalled, was last year on the verge of outright insurrection. Then Mendès-France decided, and rightly, that France must give in to the claims of the nationalists and grant the country autonomy, reserving control only over military and foreign affairs. Gradually, as Tunisian officials are trained, French officials will be pushed out.

The Algerian problem is quite different. France made Algeria a French "department" without giving its inhabitants the rights of French citizens. In fact, France has treated Algeria like a colony. She heavily drafted Algerian soldiers for her armies. Nowhere in North Africa are the French landlords so numerous and so powerful. But the Algerian problem is intrinsically difficult: the population increases 3 per cent a year and the number of unemployed is shocking (about two million in a population of seven million). To no one's surprise, the nationalists can recruit rebels and terrorists in the great mass of the Arab unemployed. They also find them among the thousands of North Africans who live miserably in metropolitan France, where they have come in the hope of finding the bread they no longer find in their own country. But they are considered outcasts in metropolitan France, and they have to do there the roughest work as miners, trimmers, peddlers. Many of them are dying of hunger, and the Communists find them easy prey.

Too Little, Too Inefficient

There have been important plans for developing Algeria, but the French landlords have opposed them for fear of seeing labor costs go up. Furthermore, to be effective the industrialization plans would have to assume such scope that they would be beyond the means of the French economy. Thus, the reforms France is now proposing affect only agriculture, without daring to expand into the industrial field.

And so, with these half-measures under way, there is little hope. The Algerian national movement is still only slightly developed, if one compares it to that of the two neighboring countries. But it is alive, favored by internal conditions and French bungling, finding fertile ground among the very impressionable and excitable Moslems. It must not be forgotten that for the Arabs, and especially for the tribe of mountaineers who have been living in Algeria even before the Arab invasion, war is the most noble of occupations.

Algeria risks going up in flames if France does not practice a more realistic policy there. Force will not improve the situation. And it makes one smile with pity to hear the Minister of the Interior, Bourges-Manoury, speak in the Chamber of Deputies of French troops sent as reinforcements to Algeria "to greet the guarantors of French peace in this territory." This French peace is unfortunately enforced with repressions so cruel that the government is obliged to concede publicly that "there have been some exaggerations." This only increases the uneasiness in Algeria, where the spirit of Franco-Moslem collaboration gradually gives way to deadly mutual fear.

But it is in French Morocco that the situation is most tragic. Paradoxically, it is there that France has made the greatest colonization efforts in agriculture and industry, from which the Moslem population benefited in large measure. The treaty of the Protectorate of Fez in 1912 had reduced the role of the Sultan of Morocco to that of a rubber stamp for signing the decrees and laws that France dictated. A powerful administration, in which Moroccans had practically no part, held in its hands the total governing machinery of the country.

This administration relied on the feudal power of the great Moroccan landowners, of whom one, the Pasha of Marrakech, controlled almost all the Berber population in the Atlas (who represent nearly half the population of Morocco). The French Administration was further aided by the conflict between Arabs and Berbers. (The Berbers, like the Kabyles of Algeria the first occupants of the country, are strongly infiltrated by Negroes from Senegal and the Sudan and chiefly occupy the mountainous parts of the south and the east.)

On the side of the Administration, there is the French army, certain of whose leaders, such as Marshal Juin, seem to dream of setting up a veritable North African Pro-Consulate. Here we find the landlords, numerous and powerful, but also important mining and industrial interests. France, then, should seem in perfect control of Morocco, where the establishment of American air and naval bases ought to constitute an additional element of stability and confidence. And the country has known an extended period of real prosperity.

And yet, a Moroccan nationalist movement has been in existence for some time, though limited in the beginning to a group of intellectuals (in the majority graduates from French universities). This nationalism developed during the war and received spe-

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cial impetus when Franklin D. Roosevelt promised Sultan Mohammed ben Youssef that his people would be ready for self-determination after the war and that his country would receive aid from America. The attitude toward France of Ben Youssef, who did not wish to be outdone by the nationalists, stiffened little by little—until one day he refused, purely and simply, to sign the decrees presented by the French Resident General. He demanded serious reforms. And so arose the conflict which ended in his brutal deposition.

A Gigantic Error

Ben Youssef, who had enjoyed a moderate popularity, became overnight a national hero whom the nationalists were compelled to accept as the personification of their movement. His deposition turned out to be an error of immense proportions—the more so because he was also the sovereign of the Spanish Protectorate of Morocco, and France neglected to consult Spain before deposing him. Spain, annoyed and rather eager to mark a point against France with whom her relations are in general far from satisfactory, did not recognize the new Sultan, Moulay ben Arafa, who had been designated by the religious authorities of Morocco at the behest of France. The Moslem authorities of the Spanish protectorate remained loyal to the deposed Sultan.

It is needless to recall the turn events consequently took in French Morocco—assassinations, acts of sabotage, armed rebellion that caused more than two thousand deaths. Who directed this revolt? Undoubtedly the Arab International (the Arab League) that has its center in Cairo. Certain nationalist parties often went beyond their indigenous aims, and their members were frightened by the violence committed. It seems that Spain, who wants to assure herself of the Arab votes to enter the UN, was obliged to close her eyes to, if not to encourage, a certain amount of traffic in arms across her zone. The role of the Communists in these events is smaller than one thinks. Without doubt they favored certain attacks but, on the whole, they intervened little; delighted, they remained in the background and confined themselves to applauding the cruel events, hoping to gather up the fruits.

Now what is France doing to remedy the situation? Having first given her support to Sultan Moulay ben Arafa, under pressure from the landlords, the colonial officials and the military grouped under the tag of the movement "Présence Française," she was obliged to make him abandon his throne and to send him to the International Zone of Tangier. But soon events in Morocco became very serious, notably the attacks against French military posts, and France was compelled to negotiate openly with the rebel-nationalists. She convoked a conference (at Aix-les-Bains) with representatives of the various nationalist factions, and at the same time dispatched an official emissary to Ben Youssef, in Madagascar, to ask for his collaboration. Finally the French government expressed the intention of forming a Moroccan government.

But instead of viewing the situation with realism, France wanted at all costs to replace the Sultan with a Council of the Throne. That Council, or so France hoped, would prevent the return of Ben Youssef, or at least delay it. Naturally the nationalists opposed its establishment, and it soon became clear that without them the formation of a Moroccan government was impossible. Thus a new impasse—and once more the recourse to buffoonery: the Pasha of Marrakech, declared enemy of Ben Youssef and completely devoted to France (a feudalist caricature who still keeps slaves), called fiercely for Ben Youssef's return to the throne. And the French Government, having first deposed the Sultan, then exiled him and accused him of all sorts of misdeeds, was now forced to recall him and to show him the greatest respect. This, of course, is a total reversal of policy. And, in spite of some illusions which certain stubborn Frenchmen may still harbor, it is the dawn of Morocco's complete independence.

Indeed, how can one think that Ben Youssef, returning to Morocco in full glory, can do other than insist on total independence for his country? And France, to save whatever there is left to save, will undoubtedly be forced to accede. (Besides, how can she refuse Morocco what was accorded to Tripolitania, a much less developed country?) Spain will doubtless do the same; but if Spain leaves Morocco (which costs her more than she gets out of this very poor zone), she will do so under better conditions than France, with the door left visibly open to political and economic collaboration.

Beyond the Sahara

The return of Ben Youssef will not suffice to solve the Moroccan question. There will have to be created—and this will not be done without difficulty—an equilibrium between the various nationalist factions, the feudal powers, the Jews (much endangered—particularly in the case of conflict between Israel and the Arab countries), and finally the French population for whom France will demand their established rights. The American bases, established in Morocco at great cost, are not immediately threatened — unless the friendship between the Arab International and the Communist International becomes much closer.

It seems indeed that, as colonies, Tunisia and Morocco are lost to France. If she is clever, she will retain political benefits and economic benefits, but no longer exclusively. Algeria will no doubt follow the same road, though with some delay. Tiny Tangier will perhaps remain for some time an international zone, its role a little like that of Hong Kong in Asia. It is not impossible that Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria will become members of the Arab League whose friendship the Westeners, especially the Europeans, will have to purchase at almost any cost.

For, behind North Africa, there is the Sahara with its still untapped resources — the Sahara for which the French, together with the Germans and Italians, have already made elaborate plans. And beyond the Sahara, there is the rest of the African continent, with all it signifies for the political and economic future of the world.

Last Week's Puzzle

Here is the solution to "A Case of Kinship." Denote Jackson, Harrison, Johnson, Olson and Richardson by A, B, C, D and E; their mothers by a, b, c, d and e. Then we have at once—

Men	A	B	C	D	E
Wives	b	not e	a		not c

from which it follows at once that E married d, B married c, and D married e.

Hence Richardson is the stepson of Olson.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Democrats think they now know the answers to questions that have plagued political analysts ever since Geneva—to wit, is the American public *really* impressed with the wisdom of co-existence or even of "testing the sincerity of Soviet intentions?" The Democrats are convinced that the answers are "no," and office-seekers are being told to play their cards accordingly. But "accordingly" involves a more complicated problem.

Despite their evaluation of the public temper on Geneva, Democratic candidates are *not* going to present themselves to the electorate as militant anti-Communists—any more than Democratic Congressmen "picked up the Communist-in-government issue and ran with it," as political dopesters freely predicted they would after the McCarthy censure.

Democrats have done, and will do, neither because the Democratic national leadership is uniformly Liberal, and there is something in the Liberal mind that precludes *that* kind of anti-Communism. Stevenson, Harriman, Kefauver, et al, could no more become Liberationists than Bridges, McCarthy, Jenner and Knowland (one contemplates, but decides against adding, Malone) could bring themselves to sing of "new dawns in Asia."

The "principle" the Democrats will honor is their *own* commitment to "peaceful coexistence," and they will be careful to say nothing during the campaign that will make it difficult for them, if they capture the White House, to continue Eisenhower's policies. At the same time, Democrats must accommodate the popular verdict on the Geneva spirit by making it clear that the Kremlin smiles do not fool them either.

Senator Kefauver, however, has come up with several peculiarly ingenuous suggestions for working both sides of the street. Kefauver's first foreign policy campaign document, "My Trip to Europe and Asia—A Newsletter to My Constituents and Friends," includes the following judgments.

On the Soviet leaders: "I doubt that they have changed their ultimate goals. They are more likely seeking a new way to the same end." But in the same paragraph: "I do not know whether the intentions of the Soviet in the Geneva spirit are sincere or permanent. . . . in the chance that they are sincere, I think it in our interest to go with them step by step in the hope of further lessening tensions and for permanent peace."

On Tito: "In Yugoslavia, I got the impression that Marshal Tito was playing East against West . . ." Then, lest anyone mention cutting off aid to Tito, he adds: "But in a showdown, I think he will side with the West."

On India: "Like you, I sometimes become a little impatient with India's neutralism." but "in Asia, I found that India is already in a fight . . . with China. . . . I think Nehru understands, and consequently disavows, communism and the communist leadership."

On "Life in the Satellites": "With the end of the cold war these satellite people face a life under Communist control. . . . With a freezing of the current situation, they will lose all hope. *I am forced to ask myself whether coexistence is worth sacrificing these people.*" With a million voters of Eastern European stock already placing their orders for coonskin caps, Estes coolly adds: "What we are called upon to do then, is to find a coexistence that still offers them hope!"

Slowly but surely, the Liberals are getting their way on the security issue. The Hennings "Constitutional Rights" Committee drew the most recent blood: although the event passed almost without notice, Hennings forced the Department of Defense to undo vital security precautions that were instituted on the heels of the celebrated Peress case.

An immediate consequence of *l'affaire Peress*, as will be recalled, was the Army's decision to stop giving honorable discharges to servicemen whose loyalty had been called into question on the basis of pre-service activities—or who had invoked the Fifth Amendment when questioned about Communist connections. The revamped regulations provided that such cases would be given either a general discharge "under honorable conditions," or a dishonorable discharge, depending on the character of the man's military service.

Senator Hennings, the committee staff and the local morning press—i.e. the Washington *Post*—pounded away at the issue day after day, arguing that "the Army has no right to ruin a man's reputation for life" on the grounds of an administrative evaluation of his pre-service activities, or simply because he invoked "his Constitutional privilege." The Department finally caved in, and Secretary Wilson promulgated a new directive.

Under its newest regulations, the Defense Department attempts to duck any criticism arising from the kind of discharges it gives by disposing of security cases, where possible, before a man is actually inducted into the service.

The most startling implication of the new regulation is that a draftee can now, merely by invoking the Fifth Amendment, be reasonably sure of avoiding a) military service, and b) any risk of detection or reproach by his community. The Army will predictably refuse to induct Fifth Amendment cases and will return them "unmarked" to civilian life. Army officials will have no desire to face the political consequences of giving such a man an honorable discharge—which is what they *must* give him, assuming he is not caught recruiting Party members during his term of service.

It is hard to see who profits by the new policy other than the youth who, in virtue of having been involved in the Communist apparatus, emerges neither stigmatized *nor* drafted—and the ordinary draft-dodger to whom the Fifth Amendment now opens up a heaven-sent opportunity.

There has always been, of course, a valid dissent to giving to the military the power to saddle a man irretrievably with a discharge other than honorable—since that man has had to do without some of the procedural safeguards available to civilians. But Washington observers wonder why no one suggests a promising and fairly obvious solution to the over-all problem: a law providing that the character of a military discharge is reviewable by the civilian courts.

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Harriman: New Deal Reshuffled

Under the canny tutelage of "the sharpest mind on the Democratic side," the Governor of New York has become a likely Presidential candidate

PETER MINOT

Albany is a drab city, a conglomeration of smoke-grimed Victorian architecture squat on the narrowing Hudson. Yet it has its own effulgence, for it is a way station to glory. If the Presidential candidate is not to be a New Yorker, certainly the governor of a state with 45 electoral votes is often in a position to name him. The estimable Thomas Edmund Dewey did it for himself in 1944 and 1948, for General Eisenhower in 1952.

The halo of the 1956 Democratic nomination, some believe, may be settling firmly on the unlikely head of Averell Harriman—cheerily he refers to himself as "the Guv"—and Carmine De Sapio, the pleasant-mannered head of Tammany Hall, is abetting the process with a deftness not recently visible on the American political scene.

The signs of Governor Harriman's candidacy are everywhere discernible. Harry S. Truman, who gave his benediction in 1952 to a reluctant Adlai Stevenson, has withdrawn it. Recently, when Mr. Truman was in Albany, there was a true laying on of hands. The promise of grace was so strong that Harriman felt absolved of prior promises of loyalty to Stevenson and rushed before the TV cameras to say that he was under no "moral obligation" to support his old friend at the Democratic convention.

Despite some predictions that Stevenson has the nomination in the bag, Harriman is not disconcerted. He has been campaigning violently in the Northwest, giving as good an imitation of Mr. Truman's "give 'em hell" oratory as he can squeeze out. Though he insists that his only interest is the business of New York, Seattle is hardly the place in which to transact it.

There were other, and much earlier, signs that Harriman considered the Governor's Mansion a temporary shelter on the way to the White House. During the 1954 campaign which made Harriman governor by a razor-thin plurality, De Sapio brusquely prevented Stevenson, who had come to New York to aid the campaign, from attacking Senator McCarthy.

Shortly after Harriman took over the governor's dowdy offices in Albany, he ejected Joseph Rauh, Jr., chief constable of Americans for Democratic Action, for demanding his presence at an ADA banquet. Even in ADA there are some who will concede that giving Rauh the bum's rush is pleasant exercise. But Harriman was expressing political sagacity rather than personal squeamishness when he showed Rauh the door. ADA support in national politics may not be the kiss of death, but it has its own halitosis.

Now a Back-Slapper

Another pointer to the future was Harriman's approach to people. The old Harriman had been reserved to the point of rudeness. He has changed rapidly into a back-slapping, jovial man. The social curtain which formerly surrounded his private life has been lifted, and he even invites politicians to dinner. The "new Harriman" perplexes and embarrasses friends and associates. "Good Lord," said a visitor, uncomfortably, "he acts like a Duchess with the hiccups."

Some Albany reporters—Leo Egan of the *New York Times* is one—believe that Harriman's new-found ebullience is psychological rather than political. Everything that had come to him was either inherited or appointive. Election to his present office, it is argued, was a euphoric shot in the arm. Whatever the cause, Harriman is being folksy to the voters; he is being "Honest Ave" if it kills him.

Kill him it may. For though the voters did not take seriously charges made in the 1954 gubernatorial campaign that Harriman had been involved in certain shady transactions, neither could they accept his airy assertion that, to paraphrase the Jew of Malta, "this was in another era, and besides the stockholders are dead." More to the point, where intellectual honesty is concerned, was Averell Harriman's behavior in the 1940 race. As a fervent New Dealer, he was obviously a Roosevelt rooter. But when Mr. Roosevelt and Willkie compared notes some time later, each discovered that Harriman had contributed $5,000 to the other's campaign fund.

When Harriman's sixty-odd years of activity are pulled together and examined, one motivation covers all the twists and turns of his thinking, his ceaseless drive, and his greedy need to assert his importance. That motivation is a desire to cut loose from the brilliant parent who created railroads, dominated finance, and amassed enough wealth to leave his son an estimated $100 million. The elder Harriman lost no sleep when Theodore Roosevelt described him as a "malefactor of great wealth" and an "undesirable citizen." Any such accusation would unsettle Averell Harriman, who likes to see himself called "the rich man's son who took the poor man's side." The verbalism pleases him, even though, as the *Christian Science Monitor* said, he "has not yet shared his wealth, and he is not likely to." In fact, as Democratic fund-raisers have discovered, Harriman is parsimonious to an extreme, despite his repeated homily that great wealth must be put to social use.

His earlier form of rebellion against his environment was, precisely, to act like a rich man's son—for he was astute enough to realize that the American businessman is essentially a Calvinist, no matter what his denomination, who believes that success is a sign of godliness. Young Harriman deviated from the norm—and he is proud of this, as a sign of true nonconformism—by going from Groton to Yale, instead of Harvard. He threw himself

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into sports with a kind of frightening vigor—coaching the Yale crew; playing polo with an eight-goal handicap and becoming an international figure in the game; even putting his soul into quiet croquet games with his less violent friends.

Bohemian Days

Before he became "political," he sought his friends among the old Algonquin crowd—opening his home at Bear Mountain to Heywood Broun, Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, Irving Berlin, Helen Hayes, Alexander Woollcott, Harold Ross—enjoying what to him seemed their unbridled bohemianism. These people were artists, not creators of surplus value, and listening to their shop talk he could figuratively thumb his nose at the shop talk of his father's contemporaries and successors in stodgy downtown clubs.

But there was another side to Harriman—the side which eats his cake and has it, which is benefactor without benefaction. When he left college, he became a track walker on the Union Pacific Railroad which his father had built, but within months he had risen to vice president—an accomplishment hardly commensurate with his undoubted ability as a railroad hand. To step into the vice presidency immediately would have admitted his dependence on E. H. Harriman's fortune.

He tried hard to be a businessman in his own right, even going into the manganese business with the Soviet Union—a venture which was variously reported as profitable and disastrous. Finally, he merged W. A. Harriman & Co. with the established firm of Brown Brothers and returned to the Union Pacific and his pet project, the ski resort at Sun Valley.

The political phase of Harriman's metamorphosis began in 1928 when Al Smith ran against Herbert Hoover. The swagger of the brown derby must have impressed Harriman, becoming a plebeian symbol of a rough-and-tumble man of the people who subdued the roaring mobs which so terrified the diffident millionaire. At any rate, Harriman broke with his Republican environment and became a Democrat. Smith lost, but the river of History was rising and, by the time the New Deal swept along, Harriman was ready to jump into it pants first.

History writes its own satire. The call to duty for Averell Harriman came on a croquet court—the wars of England are won on the playing fields of Eton—and the bugler was Harry Hopkins. Mallet in hand, the two men discussed the possibility of enlisting Harriman's services in the burgeoning alphabetic agencies. And so it was that Mr. Harriman went to Washington. With Hopkins as his sponsor, he moved from the NRA (administrator) to the Business Advisory Council (Chairman) to the OPM (chief of the raw materials branch). In such posts he might have served out the years of the Roosevelt era—one more dedicated New Dealer applying the shining principle that what was bad for General Motors was good for the country.

Praise for Stalin

The fortunes of war saved him from this fate, for Harriman was sent to London to expedite Lend-Lease. Like many of the Roosevelt entourage, he was fired by adulation for the Russians, but full of advice to the British on how to run their country. Churchill took care of the second point. "Few men are so gifted as to understand the politics of their own country," he said tartly to Harriman, "but no man can understand the politics of another country."

When, in 1941, Harriman made a flying trip to Russia with Lord Beaverbrook, there was no such untactful rebuff from Stalin. He returned to Washington singing Stalin's praises—for after all, the Soviet dictator had graciously agreed to accept Lend-Lease and, in return, to *consider the possibility* of allowing the U.S. to *purchase* vitally needed raw materials from Russia. On his second trip to Moscow, Harriman watched Stalin belaboring Churchill. But his reaction—so like Mr. Truman's "good old Joe" remark—showed that he missed the point completely.

"Whenever Stalin gets tough with us," he told Ambassador William H. Standley, "it's the Politburo attitude he's expressing, not his own views on the major subject at issue."

Harriman's views on the Churchill-Stalin meeting, expressed privately to a group of reporters on his return, showed that nothing he had seen, nothing Admiral Standley had told him, had made any impression. He was full of "optimism" about "large postwar trade with Russia" and on the "meticulous determination" of the Reds to "repay all credits in gold or in products we can use." He was certain that the Russians had no designs against the United States. Standley had reported the Soviet intention of setting up a belt of satellites, but Harriman knew better.

"The Russian attitude on the Polish question is influenced above all by determination to prevent the revival of the *Cordon sanitaire*," he said. "Their neighbors must view them with a free eye." He was "personally convinced" that the Katyn Forest massacre of Polish officers, in fact perpetrated by the Russians, was "a German job."

He felt "great sympathy" with Soviet plans for the enslavement of German war prisoners. There was "every hope" that the Russians would create a free and democratic Poland. "In the Kremlin," he said, "there is a sincere desire to bring together all democratic Poles and thus avoid bloodshed." The troublemakers, he implied, were the "Polish landlords who want their estates back."

As for Greece and the rest of Europe, the U.S. could look forward to "greater cooperation between Communists and other elements." He conceded that the Russians had excluded the Western Allies from armistice negotiations with Rumania, but he added that "the interests of other powers in that country will be recognized by Russia in the

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postwar period." He climaxed the recital with this mature political judgment: "Stalin, by inviting Churchill to the opera, showed that he considered him his friend."

His feelings at that time were not unusual, but he had been to Moscow. When Standley returned from Russia after having resigned his post, Harriman was cool, and he would accept no part of the Admiral's diagnosis and prognosis—an analysis of present and future which, read today, is a blueprint of what has since occurred. When a prominent Washington correspondent warned Harriman of Soviet shenanigans before his departure for Moscow as Standley's successor, he was rude and denunciatory.

This, of course, is all in the past. But it is important because Harriman makes much of his own brief prescience on the Soviet question, and his supporters paint him as a kind of Cassandra who predicted the cold war but was not heeded. No one will gainsay that it took courage to send off a dispatch, just before Yalta, which warned of Soviet intentions. On April 2, 1945, he again warned Mr. Roosevelt that the Communists were exploiting economic difficulties to make trouble in the world: "We must clearly realize that the Soviet program is the establishment of totalitarianism."

But once in the West and away from the realities of Moscow, his attitude softened again and he was ready to pick up the platitudes of those foolish or sinister men who made our foreign policy. How quickly he forgot the terrible days of the war, and the inexorable determination of the Russians to take over the world, can be seen in his remark (again off the record) to Washington reporters on his return from his tour of duty as Ambassador to Moscow: "I believe Russia desires to and can cooperate with the United States." And he has repeatedly defended the Yalta Conference and its agreements.

New Deal Eminence

The postwar years found Harriman, now the grey eminence of the New Deal, in London as U.S. Ambassador, in Washington as Mr. Truman's replacement for Secretary of Commerce Henry Wallace, and finally as Mutual Security Administrator. It is generally accepted that he did well with his job of dispensing foreign aid. But a lurking doubt exists among those who have seen the Washington publicity machine operate.

The finest tribute came from Theodore H. White, now an editor on *Collier's*. "Of all the practitioners in the art of giving away money none . . . can match William Averell Harriman. In the course of the past twelve years, Mr. Harriman has supervised the giving away of some 25 to 30 billions of dollars' worth of American goods and money. . . ." This perhaps is what Harry Truman had in mind when he said of Harriman: "He is an example of what a public servant should be. . . . You don't find them like that very often."

The sources of these tributes sufficiently indicate that Harriman as a dispenser of public funds had none of the inhibitions which make him so careful in doling out his own. He recently said: "When it comes to spending money, I'm a conservative"—a statement which can be interpreted as proof of a change of heart or as a joke of Gargantuan proportion.

It may be, however, that fate, the Democratic Party, and the voter will give Governor Harriman the Presidency—and then the world will know. For inevitably the Presidential bug has bitten him. In 1952, he arrived in Chicago, bag and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., as a "favorite son candidate." Unfortunately, Adlai Stevenson was there, peeking coyly over his fan, and the Democratic convention decided that in comparison Harriman had no sex appeal. But hope did not die.

In 1954, as New Yorkers prepared to nominate their gubernatorial candidates, the Democrats were almost to a man lined up behind Rep. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. He was young; in smile and gesture he was a carbon copy of his father; and on Manhattan's Upper West Side he was a tremendous vote-getter. But the man against him was Carmine De Sapio, who had read the handwriting on the wall. The pivotal Irish vote in New York City was bitter over the treatment of Senator McCarthy by the Democrats. It was tired of the name Roosevelt. Republicans, too, were tired, of the Dewey machine, and they could be counted on to bolt the party in significant numbers; but not for a Roosevelt. De Sapio wielded the whip at the state convention, and a group of grumbling and bitter delegates, predicting defeat, nominated Averell Harriman. When the votes were counted on Election Night, Harriman was elected and in the running for the Presidency, backed by the sharpest political mind on the Democratic side.

Since then, Governor Harriman has been talking conservative and appointing liberal. The state's budget is in the hands of Isadore Lubin and Paul Appleby, two extreme New Deal economists. Among the members of Harriman's "kitchen cabinet" are Samuel I. Rosenman, speech writer and adviser to Roosevelt and Truman, and former Lt. Gov. Charles Poletti, his reputation still burdened by the unexplained pardons he handed out to a group of criminals when, in the waning days of the Lehman governorship, he held the reins of the state government for a few days. The *New York Times* has stated categorically that the junior Schlesinger, who has never washed Marxism out of his hair, is Harriman's backdoor ideologue—though the Governor categorically denies this.

Harriman's oratorical style has improved. He can chat informally on the radio without imparting a hands a-sweat discomfort to his listeners. In formal speeches, he is still much given, in his attacks on the Eisenhower Administration, to such hoary Trumanisms as "government of special privilege." To date, he has had the good taste not to make an issue of the fact that the Eisenhower Cabinet is heavy with millionaires.

On one point, he has been exemplary. Speaking as the only American alive today who attended all the ill-fated wartime conferences, he has taken strong exception to the Summit Conference and the "spirit of Geneva." Despairing Americans who find no justification for Mr. Eisenhower's indiscriminate optimism have taken some comfort from Harriman's unorthodox views on our present foreign policy.

Will Averell Harriman get the Democratic nomination in 1956? In the months to come, his fortunes will undoubtedly rise and fall. De Sapio is working carefully and slowly, with the same canniness which led him to turn a sure loser into an unexpected winner.

Meanwhile, despite some recent setbacks, hopes remain high where the New York Central crosses the Hudson and turns westward.

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Foreign Trends . . . w.s.

European cynics claim they understand perfectly well why the U.S. knows so little about the fast deteriorating situation in Italy: the U.S. Ambassador to Rome happens to be the wife of America's ablest news-gatherer. Now, knowing that he is firmly rooted in Italy, no other U.S. publisher would even think of competing against such an unbeatable handicap; but Mr. Luce (and this is the European cynic's punch line) doesn't tell. *Ergo*, the U.S. now knows far less about Italy than it used to know before America's most enterprising publisher made his home in the Roman Embassy.

The European cynics are usually wrong, and the U.S. ignorance of things Italian might have entirely different reasons. Yet whatever they are, that ignorance is almost as appalling as the studied silence with which the U.S. press responds to the Italian situation. Italy, in undeniable truth, is at this moment the most endangered sector of the Western world. While the West, as always stupidly falling for the Communist propaganda stimuli, is warily looking in the direction of Israel and Germany, the next chosen target of Communist expansion might very well be Italy.

The central fact of the rapidly deteriorating Italian situation is the secret but official change of the incumbent Italian Government's general attitude since Geneva. That change is essential and crucial. The Minister of the Interior, Tambroni, has recently notified the Italian Chamber of Deputies that his government has decided to acknowledge in domestic politics as well as externally "the new era of *détente*." Now Tambroni, who succeeded the tough anti-Communist Scelba in the Ministry of the Interior, commands all Italian security forces; and far from making just a polite speech, he immediately took decisive action: about forty "police prefectures" (the strategic units of Italy's police administration) received new bosses—each of them a known opponent of Scelba's determined attitude, and most of them, on the record, advocates of "friendly relations with the opposition," *i.e.*, with the Communists.

This shake-up of Italy's police forces may be crucial in a country where, more often than not, the complexion of the local precinct station determines the political coloration of the community. And Tambroni's administrative "reforms" were neither sudden nor unparalleled. Rather, they were preceded by a perhaps fatal conference between Prime Minister Segni and the leader of Italy's Communist labor unions, Di Vittorio; by a sensationally friendly letter which Signor Segni addressed to the Italian Communist chief, Togliatti himself; and, above all, by the new aura of "cooperation" between Segni's government and the clever jockey of the Italian Trojan horse, the incredible Signor Nenni.

The Nenni Cabal

Nenni, these days, acts and looks like the triumphant king-maker. To begin with, he lets everybody know that he is an intimate friend of Italy's new President, the unfortunate Signor Gronchi, who, though nominally a Christian Democrat, openly favors Italy's steering toward "the wave of the future." Secondly, Nenni has just returned from Moscow where, as numerous Christian-Democratic appeaser-friends of Gronchi and Segni hopefully whisper, he has received most generous promises from Bulganin. Thirdly, Nenni's 'Socialist Party" (actually, of course, nothing but the more mobile wing of Italy's Communist movement) has just embraced the Segni government in Parliament with its choking vote of confidence. The idea is to make this habit-forming.

The battle is by no means over yet. Scelba and the former Christian-Democratic Prime Minister, Pella, have accepted Signor Segni's challenge and are organizing intra-party resistance against the brazen appeasement of Communism in Italy. But theirs is an uphill fight. What stymies them, and favors the Segni-Nenni cabal, is Italy's disturbing public apathy: it is hardly conceivable that the country would take up arms over the question whether or not Signor Nenni has a Cabinet post. But whether or not he does is, of course, crucial. Nenni in the Italian government is the Czechoslovak putsch all over again; only in the new Geneva style. Moscow not only does not want but would dependably veto Togliatti's open ascendance to power in Italy: it might undo the most successful year of Communist advance and revive the buried "tension" with America. So Moscow's bets are on Nenni. And the odds are in his favor.

Geneva: A Bright Afterthought

The London *Economist* has the knack of delivering itself—safely after the event, and when it is no longer risky—of some very telling phrases concerning official British (and therefore American) policies. For several months, the *Economist* has cautiously supported the Geneva perversion. But on November 19, the *Economist* wrote thus of the "spirit of Geneva":

> In the West it has been taken as a promise of relaxation; in Moscow it has been read as meaning that the cold war can safely be intensified. The record of the past four months is particularly revealing. At the "summit" in July, the Russians offered nothing, but instead made demands which, if accepted, would have sentenced western freedom to death. Between the two conferences they maintained this "Geneva spirit" by carrying out a series of nuclear weapon tests, speeding up the militarization of East Germany, blackmailing Dr. Adenauer through their hold on the Soviet zone and on German prisoners, and inflaming passions at both ends of the Middle East by judicious offers of guns. Then they returned to Geneva with the same invitation to the West to commit suicide, with an even more explicit rejection of political freedom for East Germans, and, in the sphere of free contact between their peoples and others, with Mr. Molotov's "brick wall."

American foreign policy, in other words, gets it coming and going. First, the respectable British press finds us unspeakably warmongering. Then it finds us unspeakably dense in buying all the Brooklyn Bridges the not so slick Russians choose to panhandle. In either case, the State Department—which, next to congressional appropriations, craves nothing more than the love of the British press—is unhappily frustrated. The only British journalist who still approves of Geneva is Mr. Walter Lippmann. And he (confound it!) seems also mad at the State Department—for not being sufficiently Geneva-minded, to be sure.

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Presidential "Inability"

III. The Views of Three Authorities

Two weeks ago, NATIONAL REVIEW *printed the answers of Professor Edward S. Corwin of Princeton to questions about the President's "inability" under Article II of the Constitution. We now present answers to the same questions from Augustus N. Hand, Judge of the U.S. Circuit Court and one of the country's most beloved jurists, Arthur N. Holcombe, Professor of History at Harvard, and C. Dickerman Williams, former General Counsel to the Commerce Department.*

It will be seen that all three agree that a gap now exists in the Constitution. When a President is unable to perform the duties of his office, there is no certain authority for the Vice President, or anyone else, to take his place. It is not hard to imagine occasions when this lack might expose the United States to great danger. Only the President can order atomic weapons into action, and a decision on their use might some day need to be made in a space of minutes or hours.

The knottiness of the problem is shown by the answers to the fourth question below—how is "inability" to be determined? The election of a President is a peculiarly solemn and definitive political act; by whom is it to be even temporarily set aside? Last week, NATIONAL REVIEW *printed the chief bills offered Congress in the past. These bills proposed that Congress, or the Supreme Court, or the two acting together, be granted the power to declare Presidential "inability." None commanded agreement.* NATIONAL REVIEW *believes that a solution of the problem is urgent, and means to pursue it in subsequent issues.*

Article II, Section I, Paragraph 6 of the Constitution reads:

> In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what officer shall act accordingly until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected.

The Questions and Answers

Q. If the President is unable to discharge the duties of his office because of military developments, such as his capture by the enemy, or the isolation of the area in which he happens to be, or because of illness, how are the Executive duties to be exercised?

Hand: By the Vice President.

Holcombe: By the Vice President.

Williams: By the Vice President.

Q. Do you interpret the Constitution to mean that, in the event of the President's inability, the Vice President should discharge the powers and duties of the Executive temporarily, and the President resume them if the inability is removed prior to the expiration of the term for which the President had been elected? If, in your opinion, the Constitution does not provide for such temporary exercise of power by the Vice President, ought it to do so?

Hand: I do so interpret the Constitution. Holcombe: Yes.

Williams: (a) Yes, because inability is obviously something that may be temporary. For instance, under the Constitution of New York, the Lieutenant-Governor acquires the powers of the Governor in the event of the Governor's "inability" or "absence from the state." It has never been doubted that the Governor got his powers back when he returned to the state after an absence. (b) No answer to this question is necessary.

Q. How, under constitutional tradition and the present laws, is such an inability to be determined?

Hand: I do not know.

Holcombe: The process of determination is not clear.

Williams: No method presently exists, so far as I am aware.

Q. Would you endorse an effort by Congress to arrive at a method for legally determining what constitutes Presidential inability?

Hand: I should.

Holcombe: Yes.

Williams: Yes.

Q. Would it be proper and in keeping with the Constitution for the President, the event permitting, himself to declare his inability to discharge the duties of the Executive office, and specify the period during which the Executive powers and duties should be exercised by the Vice President?

Hand: He might indeed; but his action would not be conclusive.

Holcombe: No.

Williams: Theoretically I see no objection. However, it has never been done. It is somewhat late to begin such an important practice.

Q. If the President finds it impossible or inadvisable to pass on the question of his ability to discharge the powers and duties of the Executive office, what objective criteria ought to be applied in determining whether he is able?

Hand: Congress alone should have the final word.

Holcombe: Whatever criteria may be established by law. or by a process which can be approved by the Supreme Court.

Williams: This subject should be studied by Congress. I do not have sufficiently firm convictions to express an opinion.

Q. Under what conditions do you deem it proper and constitutional that, in the event of the de facto inability of the President to discharge the duties of the Executive office, these should be exercised by officers or individuals without explicit constitutional status —e.g., Cabinet members, administrative assistants, personal associates, etc.?

Hand: As I have said, these questions only Congress should settle, if the Vice President is likewise disabled.

Holcombe: Under *no* conditions.

Williams: In the nature of things no other person can discharge the duties of the President. I do not see how anyone else can make appointments to office. for instance. To a considerable extent the duties of the President consist of supervision of his subordinates. Thev will not be supervised during his inability.

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Hunting Birds—and Bucks

The hunter, traditionally free and self-sufficient, is now being counseled to line up for dole in the form of public subsidy of his sport

F. R. BUCKLEY

The season is in full swing. Fields teem with hunters, and already a number of elegantly pedigreed Guernseys have been slung over front fenders by city frontiersmen who wouldn't know an udder from an antler.

Whatever its drawbacks, this is a glorious time of the year. With the first slap of cold air and the rattle of drying leaves, the American male begins to feel primordial surges in his breast. He must secure meat for the family! Bussing his wife on the cheek, he strides out into the glittering world, dog at heel and gun in hand. But he seeks more than the thunder of partridge exploding out of hemlocks; more than a rag-tag bunch of ducks swirling over his decoys. Part of what he seeks may be kinship with nature. Or solitude, perhaps. Or, simply, independence.

You see, gunning is a sport of individualists. No matter how much he has squandered on an English double gun, the man who pulls the trigger is on his own. Nobody can point that $2,000 weapon for him. Success or failure depends solely on his own skill.

You might think individualism in this country could never be extirpated while as many as fifteen million American red-bloods take out annually after our furred and feathered friends. The man who has successfully still-hunted his buck, remaining immobile for hours alongside a carefully selected deer run, ought to be an anti-collectivist. And, fundamentally, he is. But the self-appointed guardians of the sport view his independence with increasing disfavor. "Perhaps, like true orphans," says one of them, "hunters and shooters have learned to depend too much upon themselves."

It is true that hunters have not, as a rule, asked the general public to subsidize their sport. They have usually taken the attitude that those who benefit from the game should pay the cost of protecting it. They have taken pride in their conservation activities.

Even the Boy Scouts have been enlisted in this work. Through their 1954 program, National Conservation Good Turn, Boy Scouts accomplished 41,721 projects in soil and water conservation; 38,125 projects in forestry; and 29,323 projects in wildlife and fish conservation. Among other things, they planted 6,192,753 trees; set up 55,346 nesting boxes for game and song birds (enough boxes to produce one-third of a million additional birds and animals); and planted 74,859 feet of hedgerows to protect topsoil from wind erosion and to provide food and cover for wildlife. In New York alone, Boy Scouts planted 60,879 food shrubs, nailed up 2,040 nesting boxes, put in 74,859 feet of hedgerows and created 648 brush piles for protection and forage.

Such organizations as Ducks Unlimited, cooperating with the non-hunting Audubon Society, have done much to improve the Arctic breeding grounds of our wildfowl. They deserve credit for the slow comeback of many species once on the verge of extinction.

The conservation departments of the various states have been created solely with funds derived from hunting and fishing licenses. But here, as always when government becomes involved, the shadow of politics clouds the picture.

Money down the Drain

It has become obvious, over the years, that the answer to declining gamebird populations is more food and cover, coupled (in the case of pheasant and quail) with the judicious release of pen-raised stock. State conservation departments, however, are leaving the problem of food and cover largely to individual conservation groups while they concentrate on the indiscriminate release of thousands upon thousands of pen-raised birds doomed to die from undeveloped natural instincts and from exposure and starvation. Conservation authorities of most game departments will readily admit that the release of pheasants and quail is money down the drain, but they say, "What can we do? It is more impressive to the man who puts out four bucks for a license if we quote a figure of 20,000 pheasants dumped in his county than if we speak of 40,000 bushels of grain grown for future game propagation."

Here is conscious blundering, with politics the cause. It is a lesson that hunters might think over. For the magazines and columnists who profess to speak for them are beginning to look beyond the state governments to Washington—thus creating the prospect that forty-eight little mistakes will be compounded into one ghastly, nation-wide error.

Already the federal government is involved. Ducks Unlimited agitated for and achieved a special tax called the Duck Stamp. If you want to shoot geese or ducks or woodcock or dove, you must shell out $2.00. Federal authorities expend the loot through the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service (created in 1913) for the betterment of feeding and breeding grounds.

Like all taxes, the price of the Duck Stamp has doubled. But it is a "virtuous" tax, still in line with the self-supporting philosophy of gunners. The danger, however, is immanent. Now that we have admitted the government into this new field, the rash of subsidy-petitioners begins.

Thus far, the federal government has acted with uncharacteristic discretion. Migratory bird laws (1918 following) have not yet been used as a pretext for power-grabs. These laws are in the nature of restrictive statutes. They affect primarily the hunter of goose, duck, woodcock and dove; and since migratory game protected by a

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local statute in New York might be slaughtered in Florida (as it is at present slaughtered in Mexico), it is reasonable that the federal government should impose uniform restrictions with which all must comply.

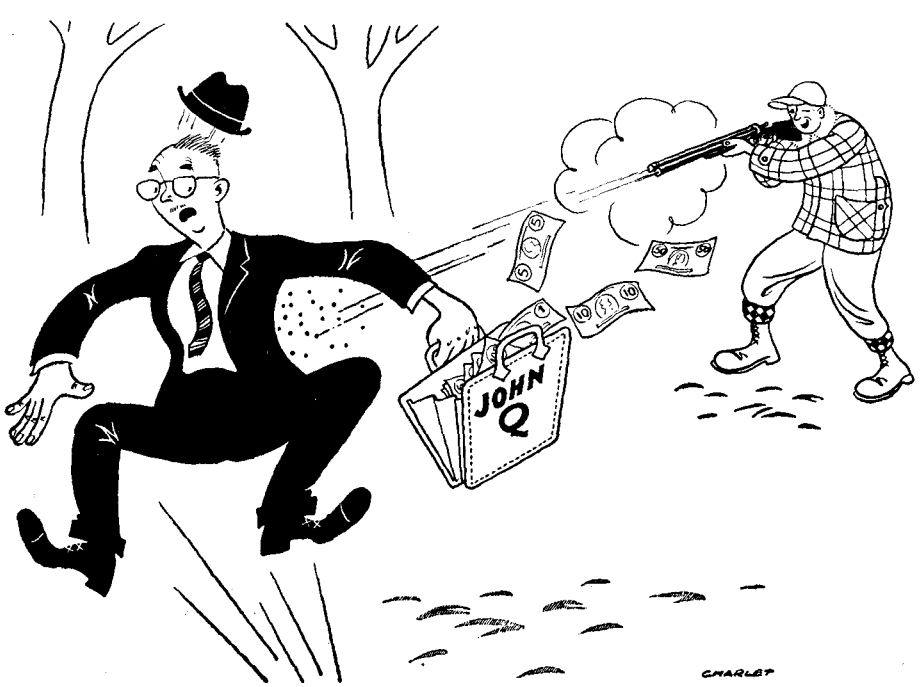
Except in the national parks, which only incidentally attract gunners, this is about the extent of federal complicity in the affairs of hunters. Even the 11 per cent excise tax on guns and ammunition is being diverted from gaping federal coffers into the Pittman-Robertson federal-aid-to-wildlife program, a bill that has appropriated $13,500,000 out of these taxes to be divided among the states.

But the heat is on. Magazines such as *Outdoor Life*, *Field and Stream* and *Sports Afield* applaud any Congressman who takes a long look at the hunting population of his state and agitates for an appropriation to buy lands which can be used for "conservation purposes." During the hearings on the Pittman-Robertson bill, bids were made for an outright raid on the public purse. Five identical measures were proposed to this end, one in the Senate by Senator Bible and four in the House by Congressmen Johnson, Moss, Reuss and Young. They were based on the claim that money from the Duck Stamp was originally intended to expand waterfowl refuges, not simply to maintain existing projects. They would have required the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service to spend 40 per cent of its Duck Stamp money for opening up new projects, 45 per cent for maintaining existing projects and 15 per cent for administration.

The great danger of these bills (and the motive behind them) is evident. Of the $4,500,000 collected from the stamp tax, the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service estimates it is able to spend about one million on the establishment of new refuges. The rest (three million) is used for maintenance. Under these bills, two million would have gone toward creating new refuges, leaving the Service shy by one million for its upkeep of present grounds. And every year, with 40 per cent of the funds allocated by law for the establishment of new refuges, the maintenance problem would have become progressively acute, until, of course, Congress was forced by public pressure to dip into public monies.

"That was obviously the idea behind those bills," a frank official of the Fish and Wildlife Service in Washington told me. When asked whether the Service had opposed the bills or had remained neutral, his answer was significant: "Oh, we opposed them, but not on principle; earmarking money like that makes for poor administration."

These bids for looting public funds did not succeed. Others will. They are the natural get of the rape of state treasuries. For several years now the New York State Legislature has put into effect an enabling act which makes it possible for Boards of Supervisors in certain counties to allocate funds for the propagation of fish and game. Organized sportsmen demanded this depredation. It is, then, not remarkable that Michael Hudoba, Washington columnist of *Sports Afield*, noting how insufficient Duck Stamp returns are for the purpose of creating new refuges besides maintaining those already established, writes: "It would appear that the President's Budget Bureau could also recommend a direct budget to make up at least for some lost time and money in the waterfowl refuge program."



Federal Handouts Demanded

It is true that the game of the nation is a natural resource, belonging to us all. It is also true that comparatively few of us are directly interested in this game—the ornithologists and hunters. And for the hunter, whose interest in the game lies in killing it (no gunners shoot blanks), to advocate the allocation of public funds for the conservation of "natural resources" smacks somewhat of sham. Private funds should continue to do the job.

But cries for the federal handout gain volume. More and more proposals hit the congressional hopper for this or that "conservation" project; more and more Congressmen find it difficult to resist committees of citizens who want a government feeding station established here, a dam built there. Hunting is big business. Refuges such as those provided by Horseshoe Lake and Lake Mattamuskeet engender hunting booms which are soon translated into dimes and dollars by local entrepreneurs who cater to the trade.

Even a respected magazine like *Sports Afield* abandons virtue altogether and flatly calls for public (tax) support of gunning:

> There's a growing suspicion among hunters and shooters that maybe they're the stepchildren of sports in America.
>
> Looking around, they see evidence on every hand of public interest and public money being expanded on many other sports—golf, tennis, swimming, skiing, riding and even lawn bowling. But they need a magnifying glass to find any public spending on their outdoor sports. "Public" spending means cash out of city, county, state or national funds, the same money that supports other recreations.

What the author is saying, without a blush, is that we hunters ought to be

(*Continued on p. 30*)

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The Southwest

Sam M. Jones

In Texas, Arizona and New Mexico, many who voted in '52 against Democratic vacillation, are now disillusioned with the Eisenhower Administration's foreign policy.

In 1952 the Democrats helped carry the Southwest for "Ike" by throwing the balance of power to the minority party candidate. Today there is no reason to believe that there will be a repetition of the "bolt" in 1956. It is equally evident that the Republican enthusiasm of three years ago has virtually disappeared. Unless the GOP can halt and reverse the present trend, it seems probable that Texas, New Mexico and Arizona will be back in the Democratic column in the Presidential election.

Throughout this region, ever since 1948, there has been a growing discontent with the conduct of national affairs. In 1950 and '51 party lines were almost obliterated by a torrent of criticism of the Truman Administration, particularly on foreign relations. The demand for a change was so compelling that party fidelity among bedrock Democrats became trivial and unimportant. The GOP sweep of '52 was forecast two years earlier in the Arizona and New Mexico choice of Republican governors despite an overwhelming Democratic advantage in number of registered voters. Before Eisenhower's election, the Democratic state organizations in the Southwest were coming apart. After the landslide, they seemed almost hopelessly wrecked.

General Eisenhower carried Arizona by 44,000 votes, New Mexico by 27,000 and Texas by 33,000. Both New Mexico and Arizona re-elected Republican governors. In some respects the Democratic defeat in Arizona was even more devastating than in Texas. Barry Goldwater, a newcomer in national politics, surprised the state and the nation by ousting Democratic Majority Leader Ernest McFarland in the race for the Senate. Governor Howard Pyle ran ahead of General Eisenhower on the state ticket, and another newcomer, John Rhodes, defeated veteran Democratic Representative Murdock, to become the first Republican member of the House ever elected from Arizona.

The low point in Democratic fortunes came early in 1953 when the Eisenhower Administration indicated a bold new policy toward the Communists—the big change that so many Westerners had voted for. When the President announced that the U.S. Navy would no longer prevent Chiang Kai-shek from raiding the Red China mainland, they believed that appeasement was over and that America would once more speak with a mighty voice.

But when the Korean armistice negotiations which had begun under Truman and Acheson on July 10, 1951, were finally concluded on July 27, 1953, with major concessions to the Reds, it seemed to many citizens that the new foreign policy was no different and no better than the old.

You can't sell rattlesnakes for housepets in the Southwest, and this area probably led the nation in rejecting the contention that the armistice was a victory, moral or otherwise.

The truce marked the beginning of the resurgence of Democratic hopes and the beginning of the end of Republican chances to consolidate the gains of 1950 and '52. Traveling over the same territory, talking to many of the same people in '53 and the summer of '54, as in earlier years, I found a reversal of trends. Democrats were going back to their party—dissatisfied in many cases but also disillusioned. Republicans were rapidly losing their new-found confidence and it was significant to hear more expressions of dissatisfaction from them than from Democrats. The fiasco at the first Geneva conference—with the resultant partition of Indo-China—had convinced almost the last die-hard optimist that the Eisenhower foreign policy was as vacillating and toothless as that of Truman.

Democratic Comeback

The '54 elections which restored Democratic state control in Arizona and New Mexico reflected the normal Democratic majorities operating in a campaign where the issues had been eliminated by default.

McFarland defeated Pyle for the governorship; Rhodes was re-elected by a narrow margin. In New Mexico, the Democrats swept the state offices and the former Republican Governor was defeated in his try for the Senate. In Texas, the Democrats who bolted for Ike were threatened with disfranchisement and deprival of the right to hold public office. Governor Shivers was re-elected over token Republican opposition, but his status as an Eisenhower-Democrat was, and is, a major cause of bitter contention in the state.

After listening to the opinions of professional politicians of both parties on my most recent journey (September and October), and hearing the views of newsmen and talking politics with everyone along the route, regardless of vocation or party, it seemed to me that almost any Democratic nominee would carry the Southwest against any Republican candidate if the election were in the near future.

The Republican Party has gained a far stronger foothold in Arizona than in either New Mexico or Texas, but some of the most astute professional politicians there conceded in private conversation that they saw little chance of carrying the state for the Republican Presidential candidate next year, or of electing a Republican Governor. Most observers think it will be a tough, if not impossible, task to re-elect Representative Rhodes. Some of the "pros" believe it would be advisable to forego nominating a Senatorial candidate to run against veteran Democrat Carl Hayden. The search for a promising gubernatorial candidate has so far been unavailing. The New Mexico situation is no better and Texas is worse, where the Administration is blamed for desegregation problems.

The Southwest has had its share, or more than its share, of national prosperity and its people, like those in the rest of the country, are glad we are not in a war; but peace and prosperity apparently are not enough to satisfy this electorate.

This is a dismal picture from the Republican standpoint. It may change. Not so long ago the Democrats had cause to be despondent. Six months from now things may look quite different. The Republican leaders fully realize that they have a tough row to hoe. Some of them believe that a conservative candidate running on an anti-New Deal platform might do the trick.

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BUSINESS...

JONATHAN MITCHELL

During the last few weeks, a greater volume of hogs has moved into the Chicago, and other, stockyards than ever before in the country's history. This flood has pushed hog prices to a fourteen-year low, and brought a lesser decline in the price of live cattle.

The shock of these declines has spread widely. Among other things, it has brought to life a dormant belief among many businessmen in great wars being followed, after ten-year intervals, by depressions. It is a historical fact that—after ten years or a little longer—the Napoleonic wars, the American Civil War and World War One were each succeeded by an abysmal bust. The present year, 1955, is the magical ten years after World War Two.

Moreover, each of the previous ten-year periods was marked by a crushing drop in farm income. In the current period, farm income has now declined from a high of $14.8 billion to an estimated level of $10.6 billion, or about 30 per cent.

Soon after World War Two, this great-war-plus-ten-years cult had an earlier burst of life, with venerable Mr. Sewell Avery as its oracle-in-chief. Its beliefs were then generallly exploded. The resemblance between economic conditions now, and after previous wars, is only of the vaguest kind. To go back only as far as World War One, we have today no overhanging German reparations payments, and no wide-swinging gamblers' stock-market spree.

The revival of the cult is, nevertheless, significant. Cults spring from pessimism and loss of faith. The public stand of the Eisenhower Administration is that its economic powers and resources are all-sufficient. An uncertain number of businessmen prefer the magical certainty of a coming depression. It is their alternative to the ulcers and sleeping pills of a hope they can't believe in.

The most spectacular impact of the drop in cattle and hog prices was on political Washington. Reportedly, Republican farm-state leaders almost unanimously demanded the resignation of Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, and a return to 90 per cent parity payments. Cattle and hogs, which are not under the parity-payment program, were to have various sorts of fringe benefits.

The beleaguered Mr. Benson has already yielded an outpost, pledging himself to buy 170 million pounds of dressed pork for free school lunches. He apparently means to act under a provision for popularizing little-known, but healthful, foods. School children will have a taste of that exotic delicacy, the ham sandwich.

The Republican leaders who are driving against Mr. Benson, however, have presumably not thought through their predicament. If the farmer's vote next autumn will turn on promises of government bounty, the Republicans are already beaten. In the handout business, they cannot compete. Asking them to do so is like urging the Rev. Billy Graham to open a Las Vegas spot. He would throw away his great reputation, and the night club would fail. No one would believe he had his heart in it. The farmer hankering after federal money is going to turn to the old reliable Democrats.

A reckless alternative for the Republicans would be to tell the farmers the truth. In meetings in the farm states, Secretary Benson has already hinted at it, which is why the political leaders feel so great a sense of outrage. Farming has unobtrusively become a big little business. On farms with a gross income of $25,000 and more a year, the capital investment per worker is now $14,000, or more than half again as much as the average in manufacturing and mining. The farmer without capital and machinery is uneconomic.

Although the 90 per cent parity issue rightfully belongs to the Democratic Party, it is bringing obvious suffering to the Liberal intellectuals of its Northern leadership, and notably Mr. Adlai Stevenson. Ninety per cent parity is as discredited as the businessmen's ten-years-and-bust formula, and its worthlessness is much more widely known. It has acquired a recognized snake-oil odor. It has become the mark of the political con man.

To his credit, Mr. Stevenson resisted coming out for 90 per cent parity for several days, succumbing only when Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, himself once a flaunter of intellectual pride, made it a condition of his support in the valuable Minnesota primaries. And, in his programmatic Chicago speech of November 19, announcing his candidacy, he beat a fastidious, if disguised, retreat.

What Mr. Stevenson, in fact, said about farmers at Chicago was immensely revealing. It was perhaps more important for business, and the country, than his new slogan of moderation. The main sentence was: "The real key to the farmers' welfare is an intelligent, sensitive and responsive administration of agriculture on a day-to-day basis."

This is not wholly a politician's dodge. Mr. Stevenson is saying his Administration would daily strive to have benevolent feelings toward the farmer. Since a test of sensitiveness and responsiveness would presumably be letters from farmers and editorials in farm publications, the point of view might be taken as that of the press agent or promotion expert. But probably this does Mr. Stevenson an injustice. It is my guess his words have meaning for him and he genuinely believes benevolent feelings to be an absolute good.

There have been times and places when a personal bond between ruler and ruled has been important. Not long ago, there was a leader who *dachte an* the German people. That made a crazy kind of sense. Since the lives and fortunes of the people were entirely in the leader's hands, it was a matter of moment whether he was thinking of them. But what does a personal bond have to do with America? Liberty presupposes conflicts of interest, and the part of the government is to see they are resolved according to communal morality. One such conflict is between farmers with machinery and technical skill and those without them. In business, there is a conflict between companies holding government contracts and those wishing tax reduction. Mr. Stevenson will find it difficult to extend his benevolent feelings to all such groups.

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The Educational Bureaucracy

REVILO OLIVER

Arthur Bestor has the undisputed honor to be the first college professor who openly and effectively challenged the pseudo-educational gang that has now virtually consolidated its control of the public schools and is zealously proceeding to take over the colleges.

When it became known that Bestor's first book on this subject, *Educational Wastelands* (1953), was in preparation, the professors of academic subjects looked on with amusement and hope as swarms of pedagogues, pale and gesticulating like a rout of specters affrighted by the cock's crow, streamed in to emergency meetings in the "colleges" of "education," appointed committees, and hustled into executive sessions.

These meetings accomplished astonishingly little. There was, to be sure, much screaming and howling by angry warlocks. Vile gossip concerning Bestor's private life was concocted and circulated. His publishers were threatened with "police action" if they should print his book. In one university, where the pedagogues had boosted one of their number into the presidency, a professor was summarily discharged for having shown his colleagues a copy of an article by Bestor. And the academic world was filled with rumors of the various vials of vengeance that would soon be broken on Bestor's head. Strangely enough, however, Bestor has survived — long enough, at least, to publish a second book on education.

In his new volume[1] Bestor again surveys modestly and dispassionately the present status of public education from the kindergarten to the graduate school. It is a dismal and frightening story. Although, he reminds us, there is no evidence whatsoever that anyone ever became a better teacher by subjecting himself to the tedium and hypocrisy of courses in the "science" of "education," the shamans long ago bamboozled the legislators of every state into granting them a virtual dictatorship over the elementary and secondary schools. They then proceeded, by terrorizing competent teachers and befuddling the public with their own brand of conjurer's jargon, to eliminate intellectual discipline from the teaching of the established subjects of study, thus degrading them to suit the mentality of nincompoops and the taste of louts. By this process the minds of intelligent children are, of course, debauched and crippled, and the result is that almost everywhere, as Bestor puts it, "the elementary and secondary schools are, with devastating success, killing off every budding intellectual interest."

That goal attained, the professional boob-breeders are now suppressing even what was left of the usual curriculum, and are replacing all the normal subjects of instruction, from English to mathematics, with classes in "life adjustment" designed for the feeble-minded. Having made certain, in other words, that any moron can be graduated from a high school, they are now striving to make certain that every graduate will be a moron. Some pupils, they recognize, have been denied the benefits of imbecility by birth; but strenuous application of modern techniques for twelve years should correct this deficiency. In the meantime the colleges find themselves inundated by an ever-increasing horde of illiterates, and are desperately trying to provide the elements of a secondary education in "survey" or "remedial" courses —or are cynically consoling themselves with the reflection that anything that can stand on its hind legs long enough to receive an A.B. is worth at least two thousand bucks on the hoof (counting, of course, both what is collected as tuition and what is wheedled from alumni or legislators). The very thought of attracting another thousand head of customers suffices to make the ideals drool down the jaw of an ambitious diploma-peddler, and the land now resounds with singsong cries about "modern needs" and "wider opportunities." And finally, the corruption has inevitably spread to the graduate schools, in some of which, at least, the highest academic degree, Ph. D., is now being sold to incompetents whom their examiners admit to be incapable of original investigation or even lucid thought, and who, often enough, cannot write a paragraph of correct, intelligible English.

The general accuracy of Professor Bestor's account of what has happened and what is happening cannot be disputed. But some readers, at least, will suspect that in one respect he has been less than fair to the self-appointed "educational experts." For, whether from courtesy or from a desire to delimit his subject, he avoids discussion of the experts' motives, and leaves it to be inferred that their activities have been largely or entirely instinctive, determined subconsciously by the blind forces of ignorance and greed.

It is a delicate and difficult question. When termites find lodgement in the beams of your house, they instinctively settle down to multiply and to exercise their mandibles; and when your piano descends suddenly to the basement, to speak of a conspiracy or even of a motive would be absurd. But the educationalists are, after all, human beings, and we are accustomed to think of human beings as acting with a rational purpose which may usually be deduced from the probable consequences of the act. When a man rolls a boulder onto a railway track, we infer that he intends to wreck a train, and we should be skeptical were he to assure us that, in the spirit of blithe experimentation which the pedagogues hold sacred, he merely wishes to ascertain whether railroads can be used as rock crushers. We cannot avoid, therefore, the question whether the educational Harpies, or at least the more intelligent among them, are not acting from rational motives and carrying out a consciously formulated plan.

To answer that question with certainty will be difficult, perhaps impossible. But once it is asked, one's mind is beset by a swarm of disturbingly suggestive recollections.

One remembers, for example, that in the palmy days in which Hitler and Roosevelt came to power, the educationalists of both countries were talking openly of using the schools to produce "a new social order." And was this not in some measure produced?

One remembers, furthermore, that the only perfect example of an educational system pragmatically operated to produce "life adjustment" is the one that now functions so successfully in

(Continued on p. 25)

[1]The Restoration of Learning. 488 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.00

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THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Columbia's Report on Academic Freedom

Professor Sidney Hook is not the man to throw cold water on a scholar's defense of academic freedom. But neither is he, in this area, the man to put up with tommyrot, even if it issues from high places in the academic world, and carries the imprimatur of a hatful of the academic great. The project in question was sponsored by Columbia University and supervised by such pedagogical celebrities as Sarah Blanding, William Carlson, Harry Carman, Charles Cole, Frank Graham, Agnes Meyer, Louis Hacker, Henry Commager and Richard Hofstadter, to mention only a few. The publication is called *Academic Freedom in Our Times*. The tone of it is such as to suggest that it is a tablet of rank daring, to be passed along like a holy relic from catacomb to catacomb, in which the oppressed of the academic world meet in clandestine security to lick the wounds inflicted upon them during the day in a world dominated by the American Legion and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

"The upshot" of the book, writes Mr. Hook in the *New York Times*, "is that except in a few islands, academic freedom in the United States has virtually been destroyed. . . ."

Incredibly, the book in question is signed by a man with a long and impressive record of scholarship — a background which, one would suppose, would have equipped him to see through the phony alarums which have him, in this book, jumping from place to place as flustered and excited as a ten-year-old boy in a House of Fun. Alas, the Professor Emeritus of Political Philosophy and Sociology at Columbia University ends up heeding irresponsible Liberal scaretalk as unquestioningly as a member of the Communist faithful credits stories about germ warfare in Korea. Mr. Hook did not choose to restrain himself, when he wrote that "a full throated polemic" adequately characterizes Professor MacIver's effort. "Although it contains some good things, large portions read like the work of an angry partisan, and in a tone incompatible with the manner of judicious inquiry one expects of so distinguished a scholar. . . .

Since no one will contend that Sidney Hook leveled such an indictment except under the severest provocation, there is little need to transcribe any of Mr. MacIver's absurdities. These occur on page after page of the book, particularly in the section entitled "The New Wave of Intolerance." And since the book must be written off as an unbalanced polemic, I suppose one cannot expect fastidious scholarship. (He misquotes Max Eastman, and misrepresents me; he misspells the name of the reviewer of Magruder's text; the index is hopelessly inadequate; he implies Frank Ashburn is an economist; he implies that the *Educational Reviewer*, defunct three years now, continuous to flourish; also that the National Council for American Education continues to publish, and so on.) When, moreover, Mr. MacIver has difficulty documenting the existence of the reign of terror, he simply appeals to authority. After a desperate attempt to demonstrate that a large percentage of the faculty of colleges and universities are not, as charged, partisan to the Liberal left, he invokes the judgment of a detached observer, who "deplored the supineness of the American educator and his unwillingness even to mention any facts . . . distasteful to 'vested interests' "—the judgment of the judicious Mr. Harold Laski!

That Mr. MacIver's book is simply another reign-of-terror polemic, the product, perhaps, of a lazy senescence, is only a minor scandal, a matter of concern primarily for the trustees of the Louis M. Rabinowitz Foundation, which made the grant and presumably expected a serious study of academic freedom. What shines through the MacIver book—and this is important—is a contempt for the reasoning process. That is the major scandal. Particularly since the failure to reason characterizes more and more the work of Liberal publicists and "scholars." That failure is one day going to result in a widespread mutiny against their leadership. For they cannot keep the confidence of the community forever while engaging in outright charlatanism.

I refer, for example, to Mr. MacIver's arresting superficiality in dealing with such subjects as whether the overseers and alumni of a university ought to have some voice in shaping the educational policies of that university. I refer to his refusal to distinguish between the teacher and the researcher, the seeker after new truths and the custodian of old truths. I refer to the flippant dismissal of the serious question as to whether a faculty is responsible only to itself—or to the attempt to answer that question by arrant appeals to expertise. (Do you tell engineers how to build bridges, doctors how to heal wounds? etc.) I refer to the lightfingered dismissal of charges that Lord Keynes' approach to economics is basically collectivist by the assertion that by the same reasoning (via Ricardo and surplus value) Adam Smith is a Marxist; I refer, in short, to the dismissal of widespread complaints by thousands of people about the philosophical biases of modern education on the ground that know-nothings and "patrioteers" we have always with us—just one more tribulation for an overburdened faculty.

Professor MacIver and the rest of those who refuse to answer their critics except by sneers and clichés, and lofty appeals to the rights of inquiry, are burning their candles at both ends. If they continue to behave the way they do—for example, to pass off as the fruit of honest deliberation by mature scholars a work that 25 years ago any responsible faculty would have rejected if advanced as a doctoral dissertation by a twenty-three-year-old — the community may well begin to challenge much more than the ideological orientation of some of our academic elite. The community may ask, reasonably, just where the evidence lies that our elite are equipped to discipline themselves even with respect to technical matters involving the canons of sound scholarship.

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The Scholarly Journals

FRANK S. MEYER

Retreat from Relativism

A curious mutation is occurring in the relativist doctrine which for a generation has dominated the thought of the intellectual Establishment of the academic world. Again and again in the scholarly journals, even in those closest to such shrines of relativism as Columbia University, one reads categorical repudiations of what was but recently received dogma. Clyde Kluckhohn of Harvard, an outstanding anthropologist, roundly asserts:

> Few anthropologists would today defend without important qualification Ruth Benedict's famous statement: ". . . the co-existing and equally valid patterns of life which mankind has carved for itself from the raw materials of existence." (*Journal of Philosophy* 11:10:55)

David Easton of the University of Chicago's Department of Political Science writes:

> Not so many years ago the image held by the social scientist about his discipline permitted him to be clear and unambiguous about its relation to ethics. Today the situation has radically changed. We can detect a feeling of uneasiness in social science about its earlier conceptions. . . . We must ask: . . . What *ought* social science to say about values? By its very formulation, this is a moral, not a factual question. (*Antioch Review,* Spring, 1955)

In ethics, in jurisprudence, in political science, even in sociology and psychology, Mr. Easton's "uneasiness" is manifest. The heirs of Dewey, Veblen and Holmes have begun to turn the dissecting knives of the "revolt against formalism" upon their own relativist assumptions. It is always good to see error dissected, especially by those who have been error's votaries; but before we sing hosanna for the conversion of the heathen, we might be sure that one error is not being replaced by another, even more disastrous.

That, I am afraid, is what is happening. It is true that among those who are becoming disillusioned by the philosophical emptiness of relativism and disturbed by some of its practical results, there are some who are searching for truth uninhibited by the blinkers of scientism and the behavioristic view of the human person. But these are few and far between. Much more characteristic of the general line of thought is Mr. Kluckhohn's article in the *Journal of Philosophy,* to which I have referred. Prepared for the American Philosophical Association, Eastern Division, as a contribution to a symposium on "Ethical Relativity in the Light of Recent Developments in Social Science," this paper is most revealing.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Kluckhohn, who is a recognized leader in the "behavioral sciences," speaks with authority. But if there were any question, the footnote which introduces his paper will set the uninitiated reader straight. I quote it not only to establish Mr. Kluckhohn's credentials beyond doubt, but also because it is so arresting an example of the apparent fear among contemporary scholars of standing on their own feet, of their need to run in a pack (a well-heeled pack, of course, suitably maintained by Rockefeller and/or Ford):

> This paper arises rather directly out of my participation in the Comparative Study of Values in Five Cultures of the Laboratory of Social Relations, Harvard University. I express my gratitude to my colleagues in this project and to the Rockefeller Foundation who supported it through the Foundation's Division of Social Sciences. . . . The writing of the paper was made possible by a fellowship at the Centre for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences [Ford Foundation].

"Even for Scholars"

The difficulties of ethical relativism have become apparent, Mr. Kluckhohn says,

> in part [as] a reaction to the observation of social consequences. If one follows out literally and logically the implications of Benedict's words, one is compelled to accept any cultural pattern as vindicated precisely by its cultural status: slavery, cannibalism, Nazism, or Communism may not be congenial to Christians or to contemporary Western societies, but moral criticism of the cultural patterns of other people is precluded. Emotionally and practically, this extreme position is hardly tolerable—even for scholars—in the contemporary world.

True, indeed, although it might be pointed out that during the twenties and thirties, decades in which ethical relativism was riding high, both Communism and Nazism were certainly in existence—and for that matter, that cannibalism and slavery are "culture patterns" probably as old as the human race.

Fundamentally, I am afraid that it is not a new-found awareness of the direction in which human nature, unguided by absolute moral truth, may go, that motivates the retreat from extreme relativism. After all, the relativists of the twenties and thirties did know *something* about cannibalism and slavery, about the possibilities of depravity in the human being; but they thought that the social engineer could keep under control the aspects of that depravity not instrumental to their ends. They were striking for power, and relativism in its most extreme forms served to destroy the barriers of traditional loyalty to truth which stood in their way.

Now they have power. They have become the guardians of a new orthodoxy, which requires firmer foundations than the shifting sands of relativism. Mr. Kluckhohn finds that among psychologists:

> there appears to be a growing trend toward agreement [that] there are panhuman universals as regards needs and capacities that shape, or could rightly shape, at least the broad outlines of a morality that transcends cultural difference.

He finds that "sociologists have similarly been placing greater emphasis upon the universals"; and, as an anthropologist, he proclaims the astounding discovery that:

> While the specific manifestations of human nature vary between cultures and between individuals in the same culture, human nature is universal.

Obvious though this is, the common possession of common sense and of the great philosophical tradition, it is, formally at least, a step forward from the obscurantism of the positivist methodology which has pervaded the social sciences. It implies a bare acceptance, at any rate, of the concept of

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truth. To look for the sources of ethical obligation, of what man *ought* to do, in the universal nature of man would seem to be an approach toward the tradition of natural law. F. S. C. Northrop, as a matter of fact, in another paper in the same symposium, attempts explicitly to claim that tradition, whittling its noble dimensions down to the measure of his own scientistic eclecticism.

Cutting Man Down to Size

Actually, however, the "uneasiness" which dictates a search for some stronger foundation than pure relativism is a motivation at far remove from the love of truth that inspires the natural-law tradition. And the universal human nature which is here recognized is a far cry from that image of man, free and responsible, which is, in its different modes, a common element in the classical, the Christian and the humanist traditions. The universal human nature of Mr. Kluckhohn's thought is a poor truncated thing. Man's being is stripped of all qualities not accessible to the scientific method; and that which makes him truly man, the tragedy and the glory, the tension between the freedom which is the law of his inner being and the necessity which the external world presents to his consciousness, is accessible to the scientific method only in very small part.

That method has performed wonders in the fields to which it is adapted, and it undoubtedly can contribute to the understanding of man, but by itself it is helpless to expose the human person in his complexity. To reject all the other resources of the understanding—the non-scientific uses of reason of the historian, the philosopher, the theologian, the insights of the aesthetic sensibility, intuition, faith—is to present universal human nature as a sad, thin scarecrow, deprived of life and substance.

Man, the person, plays no greater part in this more objective behavioral science than he did in the relativistic dispensation. Men do not create culture, but an hypostasized Culture creates men. Mr. Kluckhohn quotes approvingly the sociologist Kolb:

> The basic field conditions for the emergence of the human psyche have been relatively the same since man has been man: society, culture, symbolic interaction, and the potentialities of the biological organism interacting [to form] the universal emergent: human nature . . .

Jack London of the University of California in a review in the *American Journal of Sociology* (March, 1955) says:

> This reviewer rejects [the] assumption that the power structure is resident in individuals qua individuals. . . . Rather, power is organized through the medium of special-interest groups or collectivities which transcends the wishes, beliefs, attitudes, and opinions of the individuals in them. Such collectivities develop a life of their own, with their own series of functions, claims, and expectations and are not a mere aggregation of inert individuals. . . . As a result of being acting organisms, they work out their behavior in the process of acting within the human context.

To the sociologists Hans Gerth and C. Wright Mills, as Benjamin Schwartz shows in a biting review of their *Character and Social Structure: The Psychology of Social Institutions*.

> . . . isolated individuals are mindless. Here most of the contents and activities which are ordinarily attributed to mind and spirit inhere, in some fashion, in the social structure. It is the social structure which has *its* values, *its* symbols, and *its* roles. (*World Politics*, October, 1955)

The "Ought" and the "Is"

Such a view of man finds itself hard put, when in the retreat from relativism it attempts to take account of values, particularly of ethical values, of the "ought." The scientific and engineering methodology cannot deal with any realm beyond the "is." Mr. Kluckhohn writes: "The 'oughts' in all cultures . . . are observable and formulable in 'is' terms"; and he proceeds to reduce the very meaning of the "ought" to the "is."

The difficulties into which this approach plunges the scientistic student of man are manifold; but they can best be discussed in relation to the critical areas in which they arise. The journals have exhibited the problem recently in a number of controversies, most notably in the discussion aroused by Walter Lippmann's *The Public Philosophy*, in the examination of the rationale of the Justices of the Supreme Court in recent years, and in the beginnings of a discussion of the recent Congress for Cultural Freedom at Milan. I hope to examine one or more of these topics in future columns in this department.

Random Intelligence . . .

The higher philosophy as it affects the Ford Foundation: "Hubert Marshall . . . has also received a grant from the Ford Foundation in support of a study of values, rationality and the appraisal of water development projects." (From "News and Notes," *Western Political Quarterly*)

THE EDUCATIONAL BUREAUCRACY

(*Continued from p. 22*)

Russia. And one vainly strives to discern a perceptible difference, other than in the jargon used as camouflage, between the announced objectives of the American educators and the avowed practice of their Soviet counterparts—or should we say colleagues?

The rational mind instinctively recoils from so sweeping a generalization, from so drastic a conclusion. But then one must ask oneself, What other intelligible purpose *can* be served by systematically instilling into the adolescent mind contempt for the traditional culture of Western man? What results would a man expect to produce by inculcating the brutalizing doctrine that the intellectual, aesthetic and moral values which have always been the object of true learning are now the "snobbish relics" of a dead past, and that the true function of society is to satisfy the animal appetites of the proletarian? Would a man strive to produce boobs if he did not intend to have serfs?

These are questions which each of us must anxiously answer for himself. In fairness to the architects of the new "education," we must note that they—unanimously, I believe—protest they are not Communists, though some of them have only recently ceased to swing the censers before the shrine of St. Marx, and that some have expressed mild disapproval of the thugs who succeeded Stalin. I wish we could find in these facts complete reassurance.

"Truth," said a noted educationalist to me one day with the iron dogmatism of his tribe, "*must* be Social Truth." "And what," I asked, "is Social Truth?" "It is," he said quite simply, "what it is expedient for a society to tell its members."

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ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Even if I say so myself, my nostalgia for the Minsky brothers and their burlesque is not so much due to a lecherous turn of my mind as to a great respect for their sense of timing. The Minsky brothers, I am afraid, hardly ever read Aristotle. And yet, they knew all there was to know about the ground rules of writing for the theater—certainly more than the ladies and gentlemen who wrote, produced and staged *Janus: A Romantic Comedy.*

This latest potential Broadway hit is (to put it as succinctly as I know how) abominable. Worse, it is painfully amateurish. The Minsky brothers, if they had ever had the poor taste to touch the script at all, would surely have restored it to what it no doubt was in the first place—a "black-out" gag of some forty years ago, with the permissible maximum running time of, say, four minutes. That the writer (Carolyne Green), the producer (Alfred de Liagre, Jr.) and the director (Reginald Denham) dared invite public attention to the emaciated joke for more than two hours is a frightening symptom of the decline in professional self-respect. But that *Janus* has considerable chances to turn into a hit is more than I can contemplate in repose.

Janus is of course about adultery. Nobody would dare to produce a Broadway play that is not. And I am not enough of a Don Quixote to advise non-conformity to Broadway. Yes, by all means, let us have only plays about adultery. But let us also comply, even though on Broadway, with a few other generally accepted rules of social intercourse — for instance, the elementary rule that no merchant charges more than five bucks for a commodity patently worth less than a nickel. These things are just not done. And what puzzles me into outright consternation is how Mr. de Liagre, Jr., gets away with selling *Janus* at all.

For this "romantic comedy" (which is just about as romantic as a truck-driver picking his nose, and just as much a comedy as it is romantic) contains not a single belly laugh and not even a single double-entendre. I watched the performance with a somewhat clinical fascination, and I've written down what the director ostensibly appreciated as one of his best bets for audience hilarity. The wayward wife, properly anxious to get the still unsuspecting husband off the premises of the assignation, urges him desperately: "But can't you wash your hands at Twenty-One?" Says he, after careful consideration: "To tell you the truth, I can't wait so long." Now the audience is expected to turn hysterical over this —and, I am sorry to report, it does. Which only goes to show the corruption of audiences since the Minsky brothers were chased out of this town: this kind of joke was thoroughly discouraged by the brothers, not so much because the Minskys disliked the more moronic type of washroom humor, but because their public, thoroughly sophisticated by many a season of burlesque, frowned upon it.

Not so today. In Minsky's golden era, a fellow could take in a show for two bits; and for that kind of money, he could afford to dislike what he saw, and to be pretty articulate about it. Besides, nobody took his wife to burlesque; consequently, one had not to prove that he was broadminded, or worldly, and so one was free to stand for no nonsense. Today, alas, a couple's evening exposure to culture costs about twenty dollars; and no one likes to admit that he's been cheated out of that much money. Paradoxically, in other words, the outrageously high costs of having a good time allow the producers to get away with the utterly outrageous: having invested a minor fortune in the show, any prudent family man will be determined to have a good time, even if it kills him. And so, if enough people can be hoodwinked into buying tickets, a concoction like *Janus* can be developed into a hit. But what I still can't understand is how such a concoction could have found producers.

Janus' thesis (insofar as it has one) is that dull adultery is better than none; that, in fact, adultery is entirely decent so long as it is dull; and deplorable only if passion or real fun is involved. Jessica (played by Margaret Sullavan), married for eighteen years to Gil, a Seattle shipping tycoon (Robert Preston), has spent the last seven summers in New York with Denny, a Frenchman (Claude Dauphin). Now this, as Mr. Herb Shriner habitually says on his TV show, is possible. What is altogether impossible is that any woman, let alone a woman as pleasant as Miss Sullavan, would waste seven summers on so crushingly boring a Frenchman as poor Mr. Dauphin—the least amorous Frenchman I have seen in countless years of theatergoing. When the play opens, Jessica and Denny meet again, alone, in their own apartment, for the first time in ten months; and for ten minutes it seems to them neither necessary nor even advisable to embrace. I am no expert on wives of Seattle tycoons, and perhaps the poor things are really desperate; but my general information on related subjects makes it appear most unlikely that any woman married to so nice a guy as Mr. Preston would take wild chances for no other reason than Mr. Dauphin's fast fading French accent—and for seven years!

The point I am trying to make is that, in *Janus*, Broadway's inherent contempt for the intelligence of its audience has reached some kind of nadir. Far be it from me to discuss with Mr. de Liagre, or any other important Broadway figure for that matter, such fine spiritual points as the moral and esthetic point-counterpoint relation between the magnitude of temptation and the nature of sin; between the delight of sinning and the ordeal of the sinner; between, in short, adultery and drama. It would be embarrassing to me, and Greek to them. But I may point out that, if the trickery of the press magicians should sell a lot of tickets to *Janus*, Broadway is bound to regret that type of hit: the prudent family man may not admit that he's made a wrong twenty-dollar investment—but he is not likely soon to be a sucker again.

And, speaking of suckers, my heart goes out to the actors who are clearly losing their brave battle against idiocy. Miss Sullavan, in particular, was never so poor and so affected in her whole career. To me, the unfortunate episode proves that she is not just a fine but a profoundly honest actress; unless she can believe in what she is saying, her voice atrophies to a falsetto. In *Janus*, it sounds exactly as phony as the play.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Antidote Against Blunders

FREDA UTLEY

The root cause of our blunders in foreign policy is our failure to understand the Soviet "way of life." Our diplomats and journalists rarely learn the truth about Russia, however many years they spend there, because they are not themselves subject to the terrible compulsions which make the peoples of the Communist Empire suffer in silence, and respond to inquiries by foreigners with a forced smile and lying accounts of their "happy lives" in the "Workers' Paradise." Hence the great value of the few books written by articulate and informed escapees from behind the Iron Curtain.

Colonel Tokaev's story of his life and times (*Betrayal of an Ideal*, by G. A. Tokaev, Indiana University Press, $4) is not only exceptionally well written; it is in parts as moving and exciting as a very good novel. Though not a classic in the great Russian tradition like Serge's *The Case of Comrade Tulalev* and Gouzenko's *Fall of a Titan*, it is perhaps of greater practical value. For it reveals the mind of Soviet man today, as distinct from that of the Old Bolsheviks who made the Revolution and were devoured by it.

Tokaev was only eleven years old in 1917, and thirteen when he joined the Reds as a result of the cruelty and rapine of the "White Bandits." Moreover, he is an Ossetian from the Caucasus where small nations, or tribes, of hardy mountaineers had preserved a degree of independence and a tradition of liberty even after the Tsarist conquest of their beautiful and prosperous homeland, thanks alike to their geography, their love of freedom, and the great value they set on human dignity. He got himself thrown out of the Party three times for protesting against injustices, or for letting his sense of humor and his irrepressible honesty and pride get the better of his discretion.

Victor Serge's Old Bolsheviks committing suicide, or preparing confessions of uncommitted crimes in the cellars of the Lubianka, could not save themselves or Russia from Stalin's tyranny because to abandon or denounce "the Party," degenerate and cruel as it had become, meant denying the ideals by which they lived. To them resistance to Stalin could only make bad worse, because it meant selling out to the powers of darkness, personified in their minds by the "capitalist world." Tokaev, who had originally believed that "The Revolution" meant emancipation, and regarded Lenin as an apostle of liberty and "a beacon of hope for us North Caucasians as for all other enslaved peoples," was never a good Marxist. He was, rather, a romantic nineteenth-century liberal born too late. In his own words:

> My religious principle is that *man must be a man*, he must *live up to an ideal of humanity*. . . . I am an unshakeable supporter of Rousseau's formula: *be a man, be a human being*. . . . Ethics, morality, faith, social justice, and all such categories, for me proceed from this formula and this alone. . . . If you take down my mother's ikon and injure her feelings, you are not behaving like a man and we part company. If for your own glory or that of your social grouping you oppress others, that means that you do not behave like a man. . . . I do not believe that there is either spiritual existence alone or material existence alone. To my mind *the two are inseparable*. . . . Those who assert either of these extremes . . . seem to me ludicrous. I see in such thinking a vulgar over-simplification of philosophy. . . . [My views] may throw some light on why I found the walls of Stalinism too narrow to be endured.

The secret police, after arresting him in 1935 for the crime of telling a joke about Stalin to his fellow cadets at the Air Force Academy, failed to break Tokaev's spirit. They beat him brutally, injured him almost fatally, and left him without food or water on the stone floor of a freezing cell for uncounted hours or days, duly noting in the official records that during intervals of consciousness he sang the "Marsellaise" and the "Internationale." "Perhaps," he remarks ironically, "the Kremlin should be proud that in its cellars are men who do not sing anti-revolutionary songs, but songs which curse tyranny and praise the never-yielding struggle against it."

The reader may well ask how such a man as Tokaev not only survived but also got back into the Party and became a Colonel in the Air Force and an Instructor at its Academy. How this came about is the most interesting and valuable part of his testimony, since it reveals how many members of the Party, and even of the secret police, were in opposition to the regime, and in fact constituted an underground resistance movement that was not wiped out even by the great purge of the mid-thirties. Throughout his book Tokaev tries to destroy "the absurdity of the myth" that the higher level of Soviet officialdom is a monolithic body of fanatics. But he warns us equally against the opposite error, namely, that of thinking that "after all, things are not so bad" in the state of Russia, since:

> For thirty-six years the machine has been at work on the rising generation . . . [and has resulted] in . . . Stalinist mentality [on the part] of vast numbers of individuals. . . .

Above all he stresses the terror, which is more widespread than the sphere of the MVD, and endeavors to make everyone believe that it is omnipresent, undetectable and unbreakable. It is hardest of all, he writes, to fight against the incalculable. "If I had any message for those who direct political warfare in the West, I would say: 'Find the means of removing that sense of indefinable menace, that feeling of the unknown, the incalculable.'"

If this book were read by our politicians, publicists and businessmen, they might cease to speak of "the Russians" or "Russia" as the enemy, or to imagine that we are showing friendliness to the Russian people when the President hobnobs with their oppressors "at the Summit." As Tokaev shows, there are

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many brave men in the Soviet Union who, like Air Marshal Alksnis and other top-level officers and even NKVD inquisitors, dared to intervene to save his life and the lives of many others, even while they themselves were in extreme danger.

Colonel Tokaev, who is now living in England, has written only the first volume of his story, and has not yet cleared his mind of the remnants of Communist ideology. There are many inconsistencies in his views and observations. On one page, for instance, he writes that he has no wish to "condemn Soviet officials or Soviet institutions." On another, he says that "where there is class dominance there can be no democracy." He refers with scorn to "professional anti-Soviet writers abroad," and yet recalls that as far back as 1935 he "knew that for the future I belonged body and soul to another world." He still seems to believe that Stalin's wickedness was responsible for the betrayal of the ideals of the Revolution, and does not realize that the Soviet police state is the logical result of Marxist-Leninist theory. In the words of the former British Ambassador to Moscow, who wrote the excellent introduction:

> The idea of personal liberty is a dogma and an emotion which has no meaning if you once grant the materialist interpretation and the sole right of the community to own the means of production and distribution. The rights of the individual person have no logical basis on Socialist principles and it is humanly impossible to work the system if the right to object is allowed.

One can, however, also agree with Sir David Kelly that in reading Colonel Tokaev's autobiography "one is so attracted by his personality that one is indulgent to his ideas." And his book should teach readers what a strange mess of ideological pottage we must cope with in the Soviet Empire if we are to win the struggle for the world.

Much Ado—

Marjorie Morningstar, by Herman Wouk. 565 pp. New York: Doubleday & Company. $4.95

Herman Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny* was a rattling good adventure story, jazzed up with a gobbet of abnormal psychology that made it look like something more than that. If its author was clearly stymied when confronted with that enigma in skirts called Woman, the reader could overlook the fact. There were no women on board. Wouk is still baffled by the enigma, but he is a stubborn man, and in this, his latest book, he has at it with verbose gusto. Never has so much been written (565 pages of fine print) about so little (is it politic for a girl who is torn between a stage career and marriage to hang on to her virtue?).

When the story opens, Marjorie Morgenstern (the Morgenstern changes to Morningstar because she aspires to see her name in lights on Broadway) is a seventeen-year-old student of biology in Hunter College, living with her Jewish parents in a fashionable New York apartment on Central Park West. An emergent *femme fatale*, Marjorie has big blue eyes, one glance from which causes the boys to gather about her in hordes.

She fends them all off until she meets Saul Ehrmann, son of a prominent judge, who has abandoned everything Jewish including his name. As Noel Airman, he has a couple of song hits to his credit and is author of a musical comedy written under the aegis of that budding Aspasia, Marjorie Morningstar herself. Noel is something of a boy wonder. Besides writing songs, he speaks seven languages, is a brilliant wit, and a profound student of philosophy. He is also the possessor of an Apollo-like profile and at twenty-nine is an accomplished roué. He meets his match in Marjorie. She will "neck" but beyond that she will not go. This somewhat token resistance keeps up until page 417, when in a moment of weakness (the moon, a former ally of Marjorie's, is in eclipse) she lets go and gives All.

Marjorie never sees her name in lights; rather, that debacle under an eclipsed moon merely strengthens her purpose in regard to matrimony.

Even after two brutal jiltings by Noel, either of which would have made any self-respecting female give up and look elsewhere, she pursues him to Paris, then decides quite suddenly that he's not husband material after all and on the rebound marries a stodgy Jewish lawyer of decided orthodox views.

It is right here that Marjorie stops sampling forbidden items on the menu and returns to the religion of her fathers. This is commendable, but the motivation is not convincingly portrayed. One suspects that her conversion is not so much a change of heart as a dodge to snare and keep a husband.

Sex shenanigans notwithstanding, most of the people in this lengthy, pointlessly padded book simply do not come alive. Marjorie herself is merely a peg on which to hang odds and ends of theories. She's not even a properly stuffed and fully clothed puppet. Wouk could, I am sure, write an excellent tract on the place an old religion can play in modern life, but he should stick to that formula. In any case, he should abandon terra firma and its interminable and apparently not-to-be-solved problems involving the Eternal Feminine, and take to the sea again. ALIX DU POY

More Rivers to Cross

How Far the Promised Land?, by Walter White. Foreword by Ralph J. Bunche. 244 pp. New York: The Viking Press. $3.50

The late Walter White, who was for thirty-six years assistant secretary and secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, gives in this book his own account of the progress of Negroes toward full citizenship since 1940. These gains have indeed been impressive when we remember that ours is a great nation with a multi-racial population and that the Negroes are only ninety years from bondage. The armed forces have been completely integrated racially within the decade, travel barriers have been largely removed, employment opportunities have been greatly widened, most labor unions have lowered membership barriers, health conditions have vastly improved, Jim Crowism has almost been eliminated from the medical profession, legal restrictions on voting have been progressively removed, the treatment of the Negro in the news has commendably changed for the better, public education has been legally liberated from the dead hand of the past, the churches have adopted an advanced position, and entertainment media are slowly opening

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the doors. Small wonder that Mr. White ends on an optimistic note and envisages all legal barriers to equality being removed by 1963.

However, it is dangerous to place too much faith in mere laws and court decrees, valuable as they are. Passing civil rights and fair employment laws does not automatically open the doors to the Promised Land, as Negroes have been learning the hard way of late. They do, though, help to establish the right atmosphere for reform. This is particularly true in housing where, in the main, racial areas continue to exist almost everywhere, and in employment where there is still a long way to go before discrimination will have been vanquished.

Progress cannot be judged only by what has been done *for* the Negro but also must be judged by what he has done during these years for himself. On this score Mr. White has little or nothing to say. There is nothing here about the vast increase in home and farm ownership during this period, which has been marked by a spectacular decline in sharecropping; nothing about the growing power of the Negro churches, which have served the Negroes and the NAACP so well; nothing about the Catholic interracial movement; nothing about the growth in the power of the Negro press, which has so unified group opinion and resolution in the fight for civil rights; and no mention of the commendable efforts Negroes have made to bypass prejudiced mortgage and loan agencies seeking to perpetuate the black ghetto, by building their own banks, insurance companies and savings and loan associations.

The book is marred by White's obvious prejudices. The clichés of the ADA-"Liberal" left wing pepper its pages. There are good words for the New-Fair Deal but none for the "reactionary" Republicans, not even for Governor Thomas E. Dewey, whose New York pattern of protective legislation set the national pace for racial reform. The author repeatedly echoes the fiction that our world position is seriously imperiled because we have not completely solved our racial problems overnight (as if any nation has!). Special devils are Senator McCarthy and the McCarran Act.

In a whole chapter explaining why the Negro masses rebuffed Communist blandishments (as also did the white masses), he discounts Red influence by recourse to the Numbers Game (only 8,000 Negro members at the peak) and boasts that "the most concrete roadblock in the Party's way has been the NAACP."

This statement is scarcely borne out by the Association's having awarded a Spingarn Medal to two known Communists, and its having honored several others burdened with Commie-front records. One year the Red-controlled National Negro Congress submitted a report to the United Nations charging the U.S. with genocide against Negroes. The following year NAACP did likewise! At least one director has hid behind the Fifth Amendment, two others have refused to cooperate with civil defense, and another heads the notorious National Lawyers Guild. Some roadblock!

Nevertheless, the Negro's Promised Land is certainly much nearer than it was in 1940. Laws and practices and attitudes have definitely changed since then, and the trend toward racial equality is being accelerated. There will be inevitable reaction (as there has been already) to too speedy change, but America can be proud that she has accomplished so much in so little time.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Formidable Weapon

The Problem of Jesus: A Freethinker's Diary, by Jean Guitton. 239 pp. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $3.75

Professor Jean Guitton is already well known to the English-speaking peoples on account of his loyalty to Newman and the Newman tradition, and his reputation as a great religious philosopher is rapidly becoming universal. He has already published a masterly study, *The Virgin Mary*, bringing out the Virgin's essential qualities of strength, wisdom, reflectiveness and stillness, and fixing the meaning they should have for us and the world. The book under review is an abridgment of his two monumental volumes, *Le Problème de Jésus.*

Written as the progressive thought of an intelligent freethinker from doubt to final and triumphant certainty, this is a masterly and profound work. To those objecting to the literary device of postulating a hypothetical rationalist to reason himself from doubt into acceptance of what is already a certainty of faith even to the simplest mentality, Professor Guitton replies: "An unshakable faith is a treasure indeed. Yet Newman was not in error when, speaking of simple believers with little intellectual training, he said they never had the temptation to doubt, never the opportunity to be certain."

Montaigne was such a born skeptic, a man whose skepticism of doubt was so much greater than his skepticism of faith, that he remained a Christian in spite of it. Had Christian apologists more understanding of the state of mind of the "unbeliever of good will," who is open-minded and willing to be led by reason, there would be many more conversions.

Professor Guitton ends his apology for his somewhat unorthodox methods by quoting a profound saying of Valéry: "If you would destroy some opinion, you must first master it better than the ablest of its defenders." This he seems to have done, for I have never met a more convincing freethinker in the pages of Huxley or Herbert Spencer than the hypothetical freethinker who appears in the first pages of this book—so *free* is his thought that, unlike Huxley's or Spencer's, it is not forbidden, dispassionate and unbiased examination of the "problem" of Christ, which he approaches with unbiased and free mind in the spirit of open enquiry. In the next stage he progresses "till Reason makes him skeptical of Doubt."

This is "progress," though of the negative sort. In the last part of the book, always using his reason, he

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progresses, positively, in logical acceleration to a final inevitable historical, scientific and triumphant certitude concerning the miracles, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the subsequent appearances in person, the ascension and the divinity of Jesus.

In its masterly handling of the historical evidence for the content of the gospels, this book has few equals. It aims at, and succeeds in, supplying a philosophy to Biblical criticism, a philosophy that has so far been lacking, or at least has not been consciously applied. Having proved the general veracity of the documents, he then proceeds to examine the two main facts, divinity and resurrection, and their dual impact on metaphysics and history, which chiefly conditions the problem of Jesus.

Though mainly important for "free-thinkers of good will," this book will be a formidable weapon in the hands of Catholic crusaders and apologists, quite apart from its sheer readability as a drama—for there is real excitement in the inevitable development and in the accelerating process of its thought, which reaches its climax in such final and triumphant certainty.

ROY CAMPBELL

An Outer-Directed Historian

The Age of Reform: From Bryan to F.D.R., by Richard Hofstadter. 348 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50

The tone of *The Age of Reform* is fashionably value-free. No conceptual apparatus rears its ugly head, and from beginning to end hardly a term is defined. An assumption, it would seem, wouldn't melt in Professor Hofstadter's mouth. Indeed, he goes out of his way in a footnote at one of the crucial points of his study to say: "I should perhaps add that my own comments in this area [the values of Progressivism and the New Deal] are not intended to be more than descriptive, for there are large questions of political ethics that I too have not attempted to answer."

So for the tone. But ensconced in the shape and form of the work, in the selection and emphasis of the material, in the weight of the adjectives and adverbs, are a series of assumptions, unargued and unsupported, which so dominate Professor Hofstadter's thought that the book is much more a projection of his prepossessions than the historical study of Populism, Progressivism and the New Deal it purports to be.

These assumptions can be quickly sketched: American historical development has been determined by impersonal forces, primarily technological and organizational. Therefore, managerial, bureaucratic, statist politics are ineluctable. It is the part of wisdom and virtue to accept historical necessity.

Political ideas and principles—"moralism" to Professor Hofstadter—have no intrinsic meaning or validity; they are but the expressions of a hopeless Utopian dream. He will grant those who take them seriously a sort of pathetic integrity, but his admiration is reserved for the empirical manipulator, who in the field of politics reflects the author's image of himself, the post-Mannheimian behavioral scientist, without illusions, without belief.

Screened through these assumptions and attitudes, the history of the fifty years from 1890 to 1940 is transformed out of recognition. There is simply nothing in his pages of the decisive American political development of those years—the growth of collectivist liberalism, becoming ever less liberal and more collectivist from the nineties to the New Deal and beyond. Instead, we are presented with the pitiable spectacle of reformers and Progressives, bemused and neuroticized by their unhappy belief in principle, blindly resisting the inexorable march of technology and organization—polar opposites of the New Dealers, clear-eyed, fearless empiricists who, recognizing necessity, saved the nation. From the contrasting surface characteristics of Progressive and New Dealer, by carefully selecting facts which are useful to him, he constructs a thesis which ignores the main current, the growing break with American tradition common to the whole development.

Though hardly "stimulating," as the jacket maintains, this is certainly a "new analysis from the perspective of our own time," the time of the outer-directed historian transforming the past in the image of his own conformity.

FRANK S. MEYER

At the Browns' Party

To the first person submitting a correct answer to this puzzle, in a letter postmarked from anywhere in California, NATIONAL REVIEW *will send a long-playing, twelve-inch recording of Saint Saens' Cello Concerto in A Minor. The solution will appear next week.*

In addition to the host and hostess, there were four couples at dinner—the Smiths, Joneses, Robinsons and Whites. No husband sat next to his wife. Brown sat next but one to Mrs. Jones. Mrs. White sat next to her sister. Robinson sat between two ladies, as did Smith. White sat next but one to Jones. Jones sat on the left of his father-in-law. Three ladies each sat between two men. Mrs. Robinson sat next but two to her husband. Mrs. White sat next but two to Mrs. Smith. Arrange the ten diners clockwise around the table starting with Brown.

HUNTING BIRDS—AND BUCKS

(*Continued from p.* 19)

cut in on the gravy. Following this bit of demagoguery he cooks up a lengthy case concerning juvenile delinquency and universal military training, and ends up by shrilling that if we want to keep the kids clean and our country safe, we need government support of skeet ranges and hunting programs.

The same issue of *Sports Afield* carried comments by Michael Hudoba deploring an Army grab of considerable acreage in the Wichita Mountains National Wildlife Refuge. Congratulating Senators Hubert Humphrey and Richard Neuberger for their strong defense of the Wichita refuge, he concludes: "But the pat use of 'national defense' won this fight [for the Army] and the bill was passed." Presumably, one is to deplore the demagoguery which threatens wildlife refuges but one is to resort to identical demogoguery ("Russia does far more than our country to encourage promising shooters") when it can mean a raid on the public purse beneficial to the special interests of hunters.

There is no moral to this story; it is a tale of slowly diminishing morality. It is not an original case; it is one more example of the socialization of American thought. When hunters start filling their bags with government bucks, we are nearing the end of the game.

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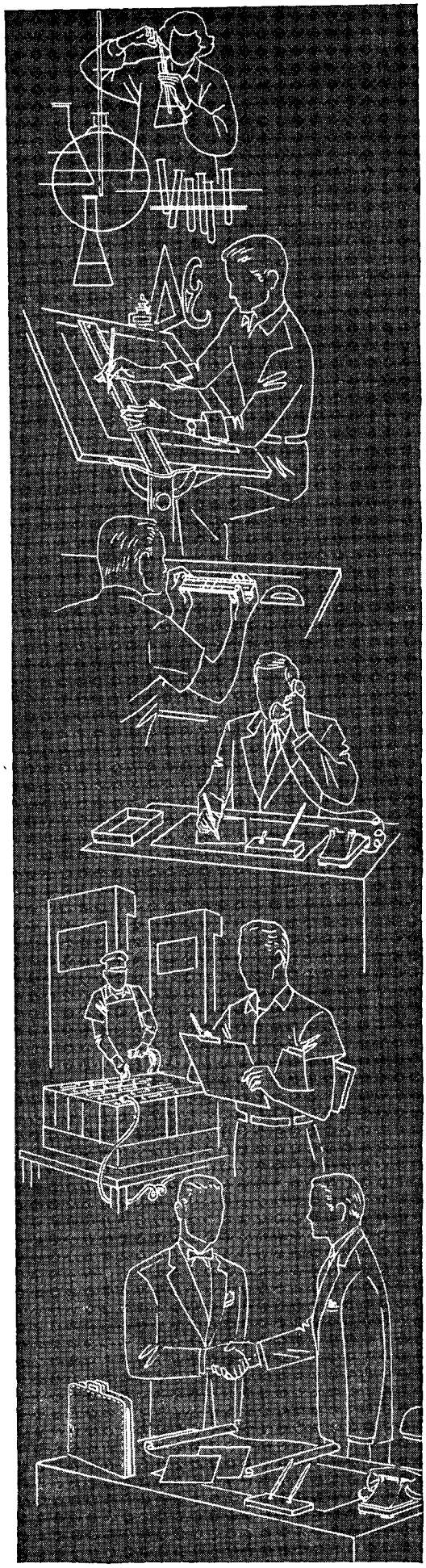

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